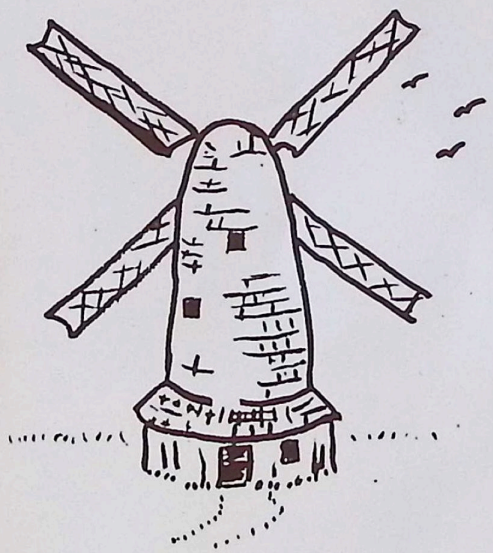
The Dexter and DeYoung Families

By Maud Dexter



To Bud & Jane — Enjoy!

Cousin Maud collected & sorted all this material — while in a wheel chair — after a stroke. Her brother, Ray, and another cousin, Ruby Woodie Otto, finished it & had it published.

Bess

Author
Maud Dexter, 1928

Born November 6, 1907
Died November 25, 1984

OUR FARM

Our farm, to us, is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand;
To us, our farm is nothing less
Than all created loveliness.

Our farm is not where we must soil
Our hands in endless dreary toil
But where through seed and sod,
We learn to walk and talk with God.

Our farm, to us, is not a place
Out-modeled by a modern race
For here we think we must see less
Of evil, greed and selfishness.

Our farm's not lonely...for all day
Good friends come for fun and play
And here when age comes free from fear,
We'll live again, long, joyous years.

Our farm's a haven...where dwells rest,
Security and happiness,
Whate'er befalls the world outside,
Here faith and hope and love abide.

And so our farm is not just land
Where bare unpainted buildings stand,
To us, our farm is nothing less
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.

Author Unknown

Lady tulips stately dame,
From across the ocean came.
Like this country very much,
Although she only spoke in Dutch.

My Maternal Grandmother

Trincy Pothuisje DeYoung

(Taken about 1920)

My Maternal Grandfather

Cless DeYoung

Taken in Friesland in Navy Uniform

Date Unknown

My Paternal Grandparents

Tjeerd and Aaghi Kuiken Dexter

Taken 1899

My Paternal Grandparents

Tjeerd and Aaghi Kuiken Dexter

Taken 1899

Passport or Clearance Paper

Kingdom of the Netherlands

In compliance with the power of the Department of War dated Dec.11, 1861, granted by the Commanding officer of the Regiment of Grenadiers and Cavalry, by this passport to the recruit,

Tjeerd Dykstra

son of Klass Dykstra and Sytske Rieniks Hogrehuis, born in St.Jacobs Parish, (dialect Bilus) province of Friesland,on the 17 th. of April, 1843; last residence- St. Jacob's Parish (dialect Bilus) , height- 1 el, 8 palms, no thumbs, no lines. Face- round, forehead-small, eyes- blue,nose-pointed, mouth- average, chin- round hair- brown, eyebrows- same, unusual marks- none.

Above named in Register 29402,and so it is:

Status of Rank

The 11 th of May, 1863,inducted as conscript from the Community of Bilt (Friesland) under # 35.

The 5 th of Oct. 1863, with final furlough.

The above mentioned person is paid and is owed nothing. He is on his way home and everyone must help him and give him free and unhindered aid.

His signature-- Tjeerd Dykstra To the Hague to May 10, 1868 The Colonel

The holder of this is pledged to hold himself in readiness. N. MacLeod

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Certificate of Good Behavior

Regiment of Greadiers and Cavalry

The commanding officer of the above mentioned corps,declares by this statment that the military service man, Tjeerd Dykstra, has a record of good behavior.

The Hague May 10 ,1868

The Colonel-N MacLeod

Underlined in red is in hand writing on the passport.

Grandpa Dykstra was in the Queen's guard (Emma) and they were required to be 6 feet, or over, tall. I can't figure out exactly how tall he was.

1844-1917 Tjeerd Dykstra & Aagje Kuiken 1845-1919 married in 1869

Bessie Olson

1 B 1 K

PASPOORT.

KONINGRIJK DER NEDERLANDEN.

Ingevolge magtiging van het DEPARTEMENT VAN OORLOG, d.d. 11 December 1861, n°. 8 B verleent de Kommanderende Officier van het regement Grenadiers en Jagers, bij deze, PASPOORT aan den milicien Dykstra Tjeerd zoon van Klaas Tjeerds en van Sytske Kieniks Hogerhuis; geboren te St: Jacobi parochie provincie Friesland, den 17 April 1843; laatst gewoond te St: Jacobi parochie Friesland lang 1 el 8 palm, duim, streep; aangezigt rond voorhoofd klein, oogen blaauw, neus spit, mond ordinair, kin rond, haar bruin, wenkbraauwen idem, merkbare teekenen geen (Getrouwd); stamboek n° 29402; en zulks uithoofde van geeindigde militaire diensttijd

Staat van dienst.

Den 11 Mei 1863 ingedeeld als Loteling van de ligting 1863 uit de gemeente 't Bilt (Friesland) onder N° 35.
Den 5 October 1863 met groot verlof —

Gedane veldtogten, bekomen wonden, bijzondere daden, eereteekenen.

Met bovengemelden persoon is afgerekend en aan hem tot *saldo van Rekening* uitbetaald de som van Nihil, welke hij verklaart te hebben ontvangen.

Alle burgerlijke en militaire autoriteiten worden verzocht genoemden gepasporteerde vrij en ongehinderd te laten passeren, en hem, zoo noodig, hulp en bijstand te verleenen.

Handteekening van den gepasporteerde, T Dykstra

Te 's Hage den 10 Mei 1800 acht en zestig.

De Kolonel
N. Mac Leod

Houder dezes is verpligt zich te laten inschrijven voor de Schutterlijke dienst

Art. 18 der wet van 19 Augustus 1861 (Staatsblad n°. 70).

Stamboek nommer 29402

CERTIFICAAT VAN GOED GEDRAG.

(1) Regement Grenadiers en Jagers

De Kommanderende Officier van gemeld korps verklaart, bij deze, dat de gepasporteerde (2) milicien Tjeerd Dykstra zich, gedurende zijn diensttijd, goed heeft gedragen.

Te 's Hage den 10 Mei 1868.

De Kolonel
N. Mac Leod

(1) Benaming van het korps.
(2) Hoedanigheid, voornaam en naam.

CERTIFICATE OF NATURALIZATION. TIMES JOB PRINT, Fonda, Iowa.

THE STATE OF IOWA, } SS.
POCAHONTAS COUNTY.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that at a term of the District Court, holden in and for said County, in the court house, therein, on the 23" day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven was present the Honorable Lot Thomas Presiding Judge, J. A. Emmons Sheriff of said County, and F. H. Plumb, Clerk of said Court, when the following, among other proceedings, were had:

T. Jerod Dykstra a native of Holland and at present residing within said State, appeared in open Court, and makes application to be admitted to become a Citizen of the United States, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that he had declared on oath, before Wm. H. Hunger, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Newton County, State of Indiana (a Court of Record having common law jurisdiction, and using a Seal), two years at least before his admission, that it was bona fide his intention to become a Citizen of the United States, and to renounce forever all allegiance to any foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the King of Holland of whom he was heretofore a subject. And said applicant having declared on oath before this Court that he will support the Constitution of the United States and that he doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the King of Holland of whom he was a subject. The Court being satisfied that said applicant has resided within the United States for the term of five years next preceeding his admission without being at any time during the said five years out of the territory of the United States, and within this State one year at least; and it further appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.

Thereupon, the Court admitted the said T. Jerod Dykstra to become a Citizen of the United States. and ordered all the proceedings aforesaid to be entered of Record, which was accordingly done by the Clerk of this Court.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, F. H. Plumb Clerk of the Court aforesaid, have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court, at office in said County, this, the 23d day of Sept. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven and of the American Independence the 121st year.

F. H. Plumb, Clerk.

MY FATHER'S FAMILY

My father, Klass Dykstra, (Cless Dexter), was born March 15, 1867, and came from St. Jacob's parish, Friesland province, in the northwest part of Holland. He was the son of Tjeerd Klaazes Dykstra and Aaghi (Agnes) Kuiken, who was the only child of Trincy Van der Mei and Cralis Kuiken. The family lived near the small town of West Hoek (West Corner), which is not on the map. (NOTE: It is also said that Dad lived on Ouka Deek, which is Old Dike in English, so I do not know why there is this discrepancy...maybe they are one and the same.) The nearest big town was Leewarden. My father was the oldest of six children...two sons and four daughters. Their names: Klaas, March 15, 1867; Tryntje, October 16, 1869; Korneles, May 31, 1872; Maatje, October 28, 1869; Sytska, August 1, 1876; and Eike, July 6, 1879. When the family came to America, the names were Americanized to: Cless, Trincy, Cralis, Marguerite, Sadie, and Ada.

Dad went to school until he was 10 years old, which is the equivalent to an eighth grade education in this country. After he finished school in Holland, he never set foot in a school house again. He could outfigure anybody and he said he learned to read by reading the dime novels. He had a phenomenal ability to read the American language and read everything from the Congressional Record down to the comics in the newspaper. After he no longer went to school, he peddled fish in a wheelbarrow. Sometimes he did not get home until after midnight, which caused much concern for his parents.

Times were hard and money was scarce, so often times there was not enough to eat. When he was 13, the family set sail for America.

I imagine it took a lot of forethought to make such a momentous decision for an entourage of 10 to set sail to a land of strangers...Grandma Dexter's father and mother came to America at the same time. But if they could only get to the golden land of opportunity...relatives had gone on before, painting glowing stories that there was plenty to eat. Eggs were plentiful in America as every child took eggs in his dinner pail to school, and if he couldn't eat them all, he threw them to the dogs on the way home. In Holland, the only time they ever saw an egg was at Easter. At one time, there was nothing to eat for my dad's family except turnips! Dad spent his 14th birthday on the ocean.

Dad was not afraid of hard work - an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, as was the way with many of the foreigners and with many of the pioneers. This determination of our forefathers has made our country what it is today. This is what built our land and made it a strong nation...the United States of America. I am proud to be a citizen and would live in no other place!

Grandma Dexter's father and mother came to this country at the same time Grandma and Grandpa Dexter came. Their names were Cralis and Trincy Van der Mei Kuiken. Great Grandfather Kuiken was badly stooped over with rheumatism, or was it a deformity of the spine? He did gardening for people. I never had the privilege to know them as they died in Indiana without ever getting as far as Iowa. Grandpa and Grandma Dexter, along with my father and daughters Sadie and Ada, set out for Iowa to ready a house for Grandma and Grandfather Kuiken...to make it more pleasant and convenient for them...but they were getting old and feeble and never lived long enough to make the trip. While the group had gone to Iowa, the Kuikens lived with their daughter and husband and family, Uncle John and Aunt Trincy Dexter Dexter. (My Aunt Trincy Dexter married John Dexter, who was no relative.) My cousin, Abbie Dexter, can remember her great grandparents, as she was about 10 years old at the time. Uncle John and Aunt Trincy lived in Medaryville, Indiana when Great Grandmother Kuiken died in 1903. Great Grandfather Kuiken had been dead for several years. So Uncle John moved the casket back to Goodland for burial, which was about 20 miles distant. He moved the casket in a lumber wagon, but we must remember that money was scarce, and 20 miles in a wagon was not unusual in the early 1900s. (I remember my father saying that he hauled tile from Fonda, 20 miles from home, with four horses hitched to a lumber wagon, over muddy roads, if they could be called roads.) The grave sites have been lost over a period of years and cemetery records have been lost. Wooden markers were put up, which no doubt have decayed and deteriorated with the passage of time. How I would like to have known and to have seen and to have visited with my great grandparents. Dad came to America about 1880, and Mother's family had come not too long before. Dad came to Iowa about 1895, and on our farm he turned the first sod on the unbroken prairie. When he first came to Iowa, he lived with Great Uncle Harry and Aunt Sadie. (Great Uncle Harry was a brother of Grandpa Cless DeYoung, and Aunt Sadie was my father's sister.) These relatives lived one mile west of Ware. Dad bought 80 acres of his own, and built a house there with the help of Cless Dexter from Chicago, who was no relative. February 19, 1901 Dad went back to Indiana to claim his bride, who was to become my mother, Matsie DeYoung Dexter. The house was a four-room house...two rooms up and two rooms down, which was the common style of the day. Dad set out a grove, which was a necessity on the bare prairie, planted trees around the house, dug a well and put up a windmill, and dug a cave close by the back door, which is still well-preserved at the present time. There had been what was called "the Pomeroy cyclone" a few years earlier that had killed a number of people, so everyone on the prairie was cyclone conscious. That is why nearly every farmstead and why every country schoolhouse had a cave... so there would be a place of refuge if need be.

my dad
my mom

My Father's Family, cont.

After a few years, Dad bought 40 acres from his neighbor to the west, Pius Iaschke. Still later, he bought 80 acres across the road south. He now owned 200 acres. He would have bought the 80 south of the road but it was not for sale at that time. Had it been, he would have built the house on that land, which would have put him much closer to Grandpa and Grandma Dexter. By living in a frugal manner, my mother and dad were able to pay for the land as they each put a shoulder to the wheel and pushed in the same direction.

The house that my father built was back from the road, on a knoll, as the countryside was wet and swampy. There were few roads. Roads were mostly paths across the prairie - farmers knew that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points" without a mathematician telling them. If there were roads, they were very likely filled with muskrat holes. At certain times of the year, it was possible to go by boat to Havelock...about six miles by road...Havelock was one of the earliest towns in the county and it was here where supplies were bought.

There were no porches on the house, but there was what was known as a "summer kitchen". Many houses had one in that day. I can barely remember the summer kitchen...it was not finished on the inside, so it was not used in the winter. It was a room in which to do the cooking in the hot weather and to do all the various jobs that needed doing. The house proper was kept cooler...and cleaner. Our summer kitchen became the wash house in later years when we built on to the house, and it still stands today, but it is used for storage. The summer kitchen stood on the northeast corner of the old house.

SUMMER KITCHEN

by Lee Avery Reed

I remember the summer kitchen still holding coolness from the
winter past
When grandmother moved things back, in spring!
This other woodstove blacked and polished.
Everything scrubbed and shining, pots, and pans and dishes.
Another set of table, chairs,
New oilcloth on the table.
Grandmother didn't travel much
But she had a change of kitchens, spring and fall.

Had Dad been able to buy the 80 acres south of the road, there would have been three relatives owning one mile of land. My father's sister, Sadie DeYoung, and husband Harry owning 120 acres north of the Ware road, my grandparents owning 100 adjacent, which lay south of the railroad, and my father owning 80 acres north of the railroad. All this land was on the west side of the road. Grandfather's land became an estate years later, which my father bought. Thus he eventually owned 300 acres.

In this four-room house, three of us children were born: Chester Charles, January 27, 1902; Roy Howard, August 30, 1904; and yours truly, November 6, 1907. The country schoolhouse was on the east corner about 1/8 of a mile distant, so Mother boarded and housed the teacher. Seasonally, it was necessary to keep a hired man...probably seven days a week...who got his board and room and had his washing and ironing included, besides a wage. Who could lose at that rate? He might have owned a horse that was also housed and fed. Washing was done the hard way. Water was carried from the well and had to be "broken" with lye so it would be softer. Ironing was done by heating sadirons on the cookstove...these were irons with a detachable handle..a cozy arrangement on a humid, hot, summer day. All water had to be carried from the well, with no sink in the house. Water that was carried into the house had to be, in turn, carried out of the house. There was no drain of any kind. Washer and dryer, anybody? No modern facilities. And women today think they are busy! Never a hired man. Frozen food, besides. I do not remember too much about the old house. Roy liked to stoke up the cookstove, which stood in what then was the dining room...run outdoors and watch the smoke roll out of the chimney. I remember seeing a daddy long legs spider crawling across the floor and I was deathly afraid. My mother told me they did not have a mouth so they couldn't hurt me. And I believed her.

I am sure the following is of vital interest so will pass it on.

GRANDMA'S LAUNDRY RECEET

1. Bild a fire in backyard to heet kettle of rain water.
2. Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is pert.
3. Shave one hole cake lye soap in bilin water.
4. Sort things, make three piles: one pile white, one pile cullerd, one pile work britches and rags.
5. Stur starch in cold water to smooth, then thin down with bilin water.
6. Rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile. Rub cullured but don't bile. Just rench and starch.

7. Take white things out of kettle with broom stick handle, then rench, blew, and starch.
8. Spread tee towels on grass.
9. Hang old towels on fence.
10. Pour rench water on flower bed.
11. Scrub porch with hot soapy water.
12. Turn tubs upside down.
13. Go put on clean dress - smooth hair with combs - brew cup of tee, set and rest a spell and count your blessings.

People think they are so crowded today that they have to "build on". I often wonder where my mother, with a husband and three children, found room for the family and for a teacher and for a hired man...this was in four rooms. So today we do not know what being crowded is.

My father did not have a lazy bone in his body. He worked in the field all day, ate supper, worked in the garden until dusk and then came home (the garden was in the field behind the grove), lit the kerosene lamp and read the newspaper. He was a great one to raise potatoes, which took a lot of work, as they had to be planted, tilled, sprayed for bugs, dug, picked, and hauled from the field with the team and wagon. Last of all they were put in the cave, which was a big job by itself. It was difficult to find help to pick the potatoes off the ground, load them by the bucket and dump them into the wagon. They were perishable and by that is meant that if they were not sold by spring, they would rot and have to be fed to the pigs. Corn and oats could be kept as long as a person wished, and the same can be said for soybeans. If there were more potatoes than the cave would hold, a pit was dug in the field and they were stored there. They would be safe if the covering kept them from the cold so they would not freeze. In the spring, they were graded which was done by hand, also. A person turned a crank on a machine while another person sorted the potatoes as they rolled over a screen. A third person sacked the potatoes in a gunny sack. Then one had to hope there would be a big demand for the product at a cent per bushel. Dad was 90 when he retired from active farming...he had a couple of trusty work horses that he drove on the cultivator...he was never happier than when he was tilling the soil. He said he might as well wear out as to rust out. Today, there are no home-grown potatoes... it is too much work and no profit. Now they are about 30¢ per pound and come from Idaho.

Now, I must tell you a story that my dad told me years ago. It is fragmentary and I took notes, so will relate it the best I can, but I know that it is disjointed. My father is gone now, so there is no way to refresh my memory. Corn was 30¢

per bushel and Dad could not sell it to Dickey for 45¢. John Cejka wanted feed for his horses, but the corn was 10 miles north of Laurens and the road was full of muskrat holes. There was no corn the following season...all it was was roasting ears. Charley Stover's corn was the same way. There were not any cobs to build a fire...the pigs ate both corn and cob. Hence, tiling was started. Dad was the only one in the vicinity who had put in any tile...it was not a thorough job but it would raise corn. The conductor on the passenger train that went through Ware (yes, Ware once had two passenger trains daily except Sunday!!) said there was only one piece of corn that was any good between Gowrie and Sibley and that was a mile west of Ware. This was the corn on Dad's land...the land that he had tiled. It was a patch of 10 acres on a hill, which showed what tiling would do. Many came from all over Northwest Iowa to ask about tiling. They asked how to put in tile, the benefits, etc. On Dad's land it yielded #3 corn and the land that was not tiled yeilded #4. (I think Great Uncle Harry DeYoung helped him put in the tile, but I do not know.) Dad and Great Uncle Harry were giving advice on how to lay tile and they were just kids. They had learned how to lay tile and dig a tile ditch when they were in Indiana. They knew what depth to dig a ditch. Don't laugh when they say a man "is just a ditch digger". A good tile ditcher is an engineer, and besides, it is manual labor...by that is meant hard work. Not all people can dig a tile ditch that will work. Take this for an example. Dad and Great Uncle Harry had dug tile ditches for several years when they lived in Indiana. Someone tiled 1/2 section for a man named Hunter. Others had been working at it and the result was the ditch would not work. Hunter told the boys that if they dug the tile ditch for him, they themselves would be responsible. So Hunter fired the one who had been working for him and hired Dad and Great Uncle Harry instead. They asked for 20¢ a rod, but Hunter wanted them to do it for less. The boys thought they had lost the job so dismissed it from their minds. Later, Hunter told them he had made arrangements with a woman to board them. So they knew they had been hired to do the job! The ditch dug by the man before could not make the ditch run...he had dug it 20 inches too high. So Dad and Great Uncle Harry had to lower the ditch 20 inches in order to make it work. This made them feel the ditch was more than satisfactory. Oh, the vicissitudes.

Ruby Woodin Otto told me the following story. Ruby's father, Harry Woodin, who later married Ada Dexter (who was my dad's sister and Ruby's mother), batched in an empty schoolhouse in Ware. (The way I understand it, there was a country schoolhouse in Ware where the children went to school. This was before Ware was consolidated.) This schoolhouse was later moved to the Williams farm one mile west and 1/2 mile north of Ware

on the east side of the road. Today it is the Howard DeYoung farm. At that time, the house was a little square house so the schoolhouse was moved to the Williams farm for a summer kitchen. Ruby says her mother came to Iowa in 1895 and it was so warm they took off their coats and walked to the farm (but do not know if it was the Woodin farm 1½ miles west of Ware, or the home of her mother's sister, Sadie, who lived a mile west of Ware.) They came to Havelock by train and were met with a lumber wagon and came to Ware.

Reading was the entertainment of the day. A new book was a prized possession. I read countless Alger books where right always prevailed over wrong, Uncle Wiggley, Black Beauty, Little Joe, The Three Little Pigs, Peter Rabbit, The Girl Scouts in the Woods, Mildred and Elsie, and Billy Whiskers, and a host of others that I have forgotten. Some of the games we played were big goat gruff, antiover, pom pom pullaway, fox and geese, and here we come - where you from, New York. We played jacks, and with our dolls, water color, played in the lawn swing, the rope swing, the bag swing, one - two - buckle my shoe, played horse, ran around the house, in the play house, and others I have long since forgotten. We were not allowed to run wild and bother the neighbors. If we misbehaved we were in trouble.

FOURTH OF JULY

On the Fourth, we had a community picnic, which was mostly for neighbors who were not going anywhere to celebrate. I always fell into that category. It was held at a different place every year, provided there were plenty of shade trees. On our lawn, we had many big soft maples until the tornado of 1944 destroyed them. There was always a bountiful potluck dinner at noon, which always included spring fried chicken, potato salad, pie, cake, coffee and lemonade, besides a lot of other goodies. The BIG TREAT was ICE CREAM. There were no refrigerators, so the only way to get a dish of ice cream was to go to town. So we ordered the ice cream beforehand from the store at Ware. We always ordered five gallons and if there were to be an extra big crowd, we ordered 10 gallons. I remember once we had more ice cream than people, so we kids could dip into the freezer and eat ice cream any time we wanted. What a glorious day! We had never had ENOUGH ice cream. The ice cream was packed in a freezer of ice so it would last all day, regardless how hot the weather turned out to be. People stayed all day...probably the farmers worked in the field about all morning and came in time for dinner. Now the fun and excitement began...and we children were hilarious. We pumped up in the rope swing, popped firecrackers as big as one's little

finger, played jacks, etc. - there was never a dull moment. The main event was eating dinner and deciding if one delicacy was better than the other. After dinner, the old folks lolled about on the lawn, especially the men, and when they became groggy (a malady that never affected the children), rolled over and took a nap. The distaff side of the house did the dishes and discussed children, chickens, gardens and house plants, and perhaps took a snooze on the bed in the spare room. The men discussed various aspects of farming, the weather, the rain or lack of it, and the effect of the rain on the crops. I can still see my father smoking his pipe as he expounded on politics, the President, the Democrats, and the tariff. Dogs and cats that hung around the improvised picnic table were soon discouraged when a farmer with a well-developed arm took aim with a rock or a clod. As the afternoon waned, each farmer went home to do chores and the wife went along to look after the chickens and gather the eggs and see that all was well inside the house. All met again to eat left-overs for supper with quick dispatch. When it grew dark, fireworks concluded the day...Roman candles, sparklers, sky rockets, and many more but I do not recall the names. Only the adults could shoot off the fireworks...it was considered too risky to let the children take part. Then it was time to go home for the morrow was a regular work day. Festivities were over. Today each one seeks after his own pleasure, but I still long for the camaraderie of the days of yore.

FARMING

Farming was done by horses so it was necessary to have about a dozen. Not all the horses were used at the same time, so there had to be a reserve. Tractors first came into use about 1920, and today there is hardly a work horse in the countryside. Our first tractor was a Wallis Cub, which had one wheel in front and two wheels behind. This is a far cry from the cab tractor of today with a heater, an air conditioner, a radio, windows to keep out the cold, a scoop in the front to scoop a path in the snow, etc. In early days, the farmer sat in the cold, and also in the heat, but it was a big improvement over the horse. In May, when the farmer was planting corn with horses, he often came into the house blue with cold. There was a lot of work for the farmer the year around, as he always had livestock summer and winter that had to be fed and watered, and there was always barn cleaning that had to be done. Yet it was called the slack season. Oats had to be fanned, corn had to be graded, and harnesses mended before spring work began. In the summer, oats were cut with the binder, shocked, and afterwards came threshing. Then the oat stubble had to be plowed, and a little later on the corn had to be husked. There

was always an extra man needed in the busy season...if not two or three. A good husker could husk 100 bushels per day, but the average man husked about 85 bushels. A man who husked 100 bushels per day usually wore out a pair of mittens every day. A dozen of cotton flannel mittens cost approximately $1.25 to $1.50. The farmer used a hook to husk, although some preferred a peg. If the farmer got done husking by Thanksgiving, he had more to be thankful for than a Thanksgiving dinner. Sometimes there was an early snow, which tempted the temper of many a husker. A white frost was almost equally as bad. The farmer drove up to an elevator to unload and put his corn in the crib. A team of horses went around and around on what was called the power, which elevated the corn into the top of the crib. I guarantee you that the farmers were relieved when the corn was garnered in. If hired men were needed, which they always were, the men had to be housed and fed and probably their washing included with the family wash. Hungry huskers could really put a dent in the pumpkin pie, and also in the meat and potatoes and the trimmings. My mother was an expert on pumpkin pies...they were so delicious that I know she could have won a prize. The trouble with pumpkin pie is that people are too scotch with the sugar. Mother cut a pumpkin in two, baked it in the oven, and it was ready to be made into pie after she scraped out the inside. All our men took a lunch along morning and afternoon...a glass jar of coffee...(Who ever heard of a thermos??) some syrup cookies, and maybe an apple. This took a lot of baking. Besides a lot of everything else.

This poem was taken from a Ware, Iowa, newspaper about 1916.

There was once a prairie flat and low, Where some folks said nothing would grow. Right they seemed for quite a while. Till Jack Stover, Frank Russell, and others gave it a trial. The country was young, no houses around. In mushrooms and coyotes it did abound. Sometimes a wolf, or a bear, or a deer, I'm of the opinion these men had no fear. The settlers came in wagon and train, To the land of muskrat, drought, and rain. Along came the year of ninety-two, When the due bills were many and bank accounts few. About this time came Harry and Cless. my dad They put in tile and you know the rest. Some of the neighbors would scoff and frown, But Dexter and DeYoung thought this better than drown. The tile made the crop, protective tariff the price; Thanks to beating Fred Hawley and Bill Bryan twice. But the men we admire are those who long ago, Came to Pocahontas county with a team and a hoe. They had the nerve, and the grit, and the sand, To turn acres of swamps to the best of farm land. Frank, Jake and Jack, and baldheaded Mart, In building this country, all had a part. Then there's Uncle Hen, Fred Hawley and Ciel, Each did his own share and did it well. There's Joe Bloudil, Frank Vavricka, and Harry Plantz, And hundreds of others who helped when they had a chance. Now, boys, it's here, the country is made, Don't lay down the pick, nor shovel, nor spade. Keep the farm like it was when Dad went to town. It will give you fame and prestige that nothing can down.

Trincy Tjeerd Dexter

Tryntje (Trincy) Tjeerd Dexter was my father's sister who was born in Holland on October 17, 1869 and passed away on April 18, 1965. She married John George Dexter, who was no relative, who was born October 5, 1856 and died February 8, 1930. Their children were: Charles, born February 10, 1890 and who died August 18, 1890; Teddy, born August 18, 1891 and died January 16, 1895; Anna Lena, born October 30, 1893 and died March 13, 1940; Abbie Lily, born November 30, 1895 and died May 22, 1982; Mabel Agnes, born January 25, 1898 and died March 31, 1953; and Teddy or Ted Jake, born April 15, 1900. Also, Lorena (or Rena Jean Valerie), born September 25, 1902. Mabel married Aurelius P. Ewing September 22, 1934 at Rensselaer, Indiana, were divorced but had no children. Rena married Pharis Wheeler Blew June 3, 1922. Lorena Jean Blew was born April 18, 1922 and married Robert Emmet Curran, who was born September 23, 1921, on February 16, 1946. Their children were John Dexter Curran, born May 14, 1949, who married Julie Taft on August 7, 1971. Their children were Kristen Jean, born January 30, 1975; Sheri Lyn, born October 27, 1976; Jeremy Taft, born April 18, 1979; and Paul Robert Curran, born April 22, 1981. Stephen Dale Curran was born June 17, 1954 and married Cindi Tokarz on September 15, 1979. Their children were Kelli Jean, born September 2, 1981. Roger Alan Curran was born September 20, 19 . Robert Dexter Blew was born June 3, 1925, the son of Rena and Pharis Blew. He married Louise Franklin, who was born June 13, 1925, on December 20, 1947. Their children were Robert Edward Blew, who married Julie Ann Mesmer, who was born June 14, 1947. Their children were Bryan, born August 7, 1972 and Gregory, born February 22, 1974. Susan Blew married and divorced Victor Trout and then married Ross Abbott. Susan was born on September 26, 1950. William Franklin Blew was born on August 8, 1953. Bruce Allen Blew was born June 26, 1957 and married Dale Ellen Strohecker on March 17, 1979. April Blew was born on May 2, 1979, twins were born January 7, 1981 - Nathan Robert and Nicholas Dale. They were not identical twins. Barbara Jean Blew was born June 5, 1959. Don Hamilton Blew was born on August 13, 1928 and married Betty June Schaade, who was born December 4, 1929, on July 11, 1953. Their children were Jeffrey Scott, born October 26, 1954; Janis Lee, born July 16, 1956; Randall Kirk, born October 7, 1958; and Perry Don, born May 29, 1963. Janis Lee Blew married Joseph Sobun August 7, 1976. They had a daughter, Keri Lyn, born November 13, 1979. Joseph was born November, 1983. Dorothy Ruth Blew was born January 21, 1935 and married John Garber Hollister, who was born January 21, 1920. They were married February 19, 1960. Their children were Larel Jean Hollister, born January 28, 1966; Stephen Cady Hollister, born February 22, 1967; and Anna Louise, born August 21, 1969. Dorothy Blew Hollister was divorced in 1973 and married Walter English on April 10, 1974. They are the parents of Danielle Erica English born June 15, 1975.

My Father's Family, cont.

Abbie L. Dexter was born November 30, 1895 in Goodland, Indiana, died May 22, 1982 in Menilleville, Indiana, and is buried at Medaryville, Indiana, Independence cemetery. She was married June 23, 1920 to Ivan Coppess, who was born April 14, 1895 in Jasper County, Indiana and died May 23, 1954. He is buried at Medaryville, Indiana, Independence cemetery. Children of Abbie and Ivan Coppess were Donna May, born August 21, 1921 in Jasper County, Indiana. Donna was married September 13, 1940 to Joseph J. Gielniak, who was born on March 19, 1919 at Gary, Indiana. Children of Joseph and Donna Gielniak were John J., born November 21, 1947, and James E., born November 1, 1950, both born in Gary, Indiana. James E. married August 30, 1971 to Yvonne E. Zakyla, who was born on January 22, 1951. Son of James and Yvonne Gielniak was Peter J., born August 4, 1975 in Hobart, Indiana. R. Wayne Coppess, son of Abbie Dexter and Ivan Coppess, was born on July 4, 1923, Jasper County, Indiana, and died May 9, 1972, Michigan City, Indiana. He is buried at Medaryville, Indiana, Independence Cemetery. Wayne married Isabelle McGregor. Their children were Diana Jean, born August 24, 1944, Gary, Indiana, and Connie, born June 30, 1949, who married George Kay, July 30, 1981. Patricia A., daughter of Ivan and Abbie Coppess, was born on May 31, 1928 in Gary, Indiana, and married Thomas Lemster, who was born on January 5, 1927, on July 7, 1951. Their children were Anne L., born July 20, 1956, and Lisa L., born June 22, 1962. Both were born in Gary, Indiana. R. Wayne Coppess and Jean Reggle Moulton, born September 21, 1921, were married on November 22, 1954.

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Page 21

The 1858 sampler was made by my grandmother Aajie Cralis Kuiken when she was 10 yrs old. I put the date in — Mom told me that her mother was 10 then

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Grandpa Dykstra's Mother's Ancestors

1. Syds Wiebes Hogerhuis (died by 1812) married Tryntje Rieniks. These were my great great great grandparents.

2. Their son Riekiks Hogerhuis married Goertze Folberts Groeneveld. The son was born 1787 and died 1845. His wife was born 1785 and died 1857. Both were born in St. Jacob's parish. They were married in 1812. They were my great great grandparents.

3. Rieniks and Goertze and a daughter, Sytske Rieniks Hogerhuis born in 1819. She was my great grandmother, Agnes DeYoung's great grandmother, and was Percis Osmun's great grandmother. Rienke and Goertze also had a son born 1825 but there is no record of him.
Percis' great grandmother married Klaas Tjeerds Dykstra.
Compare this record with Grandpa Dykstra's Father's ancestors.

My Aunt Marguerite, my Dad's sister, was five years old when she came from Holland. She and her brother took potatoes to town about a mile away in a wheelbarrow. She pulled, he pushed. Uncle Cralis was eight years old. At age 13, she started to work for Mrs. Gray at $1.00 per week. She got up at 5:00 a.m. and Grandma got breakfast for her and Grandpa. She got to Mrs. Gray's at 6:00 a.m., lit the fire and got breakfast, cleaned the house, cooked dinner and got supper, which was at 6:00 p.m.. Wonder what she did in her spare time. She walked home afterwards, but when it got dark early, Mamma (Sadie Dexter DeYoung) came to Mrs. Gray's before dark and walked home with her. She worked for Mrs. Gray until she was 29, when she got $2.00 per week. The last year she went to school in the afternoon and did the housework in the morning. She did that for six months and passed the exams for a grammer school graduate. Mrs. Gray gave her $10.00 for her first month at Lafayette (Indiana) Shorthand School. She worked for board and room, which was enough money for three months tuition and got a job. She later became a public stenographer. She was offered a job as a teacher in a school in California (shorthand and typing?) but she did not take it. She was a crack secretary and was much in demand. She never married.

Aggie DeYoung Spurlock told me this story in 1968.
My grandmother, Aaghi (Aggie) Kuiken Dexter, had a girl friend in Holland named Sieberje Skoemaaker. They had a playhouse in the stone cow stalls in summer when the cows were outside in the pasture. The stone floor was thoroughly scrubbed and they had little white curtains as the windows. Agnes seems to remember the Skoemaakers had a big farm. Agnes wonders <u>why</u> she didn't ask more questions???? Griet (Grace) ---was an ancestor---she was a girl at the time of the (American) Revolution. Again, she says, why didn't I listen.

<u>Grandpa Dykstra's Mother's Ancestors</u>

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   Percis' great grandmother married Klaas Tjeerds Dykstra.
   Compare this record with Grandpa Dykstra's Father's ancestors.

Grandpa Dykstra's Father's Ancestors

The following information was given to me by Agnes DeYoung Spurlock, wife of Frank, who is my cousin. (Agnes has died in the meantime, I am sorry to say.) Agnes received the information from Grandpa Dexter's brother's grand-daughter, who is a school teacher in Michigan, Percis. Percis went to great lengths - paid for information she got from Holland and also went to Holland herself to search out her father's lineage. Must have received the above about 1968. Percis' last known address: Mrs. Elmer E. Osmun, 1924 Brentwood Avenue, East Lansing, Michigan.

1. My great great grandfather was Tjerd Reimers Dykstra (1779 - 1842). He married Maartje Wensalaar (1789 - 1850). She was the daughter of Klaas Tenes Wensalaar and Bauje Pieters. Wouldn't the above be my great great great grandparents??!!!

2. My great grandparents were Klaas Tjeerds Dykstra and Sytske Rieniks Hogerjuis. My great grandfather was born 1819. He was also the great grandfather of Agnes DeYoung Spurlock and Percis Osmun.

Great grandfather had three sons and one daughter.

1. Rienik Klazzes Dykstra (1840 - 1864). Grandma Dexter was engaged to him and after he died, married Grandpa's brother, Tjeerd.

2. Tjeerd Klazzes Dykstra (1843 - 1914). Born in Het Bild. Can't be found on the map. Came to America about 1880.

3. Klaas Klaazes Dykstra. Came to America 1869. Married Grietze Doria 1866. This is Percis' grandfather.

4. Maartje Klaazes Dykstra. Born 1856...died at five years old.

Klaazes Dykstra (third son of great grandfather Dexter) had six sons: Rienik, who had 10 children; Grietze, who died in infancy; Nicholas, who had Maurice, Geneva, and Winifred; Gerrit, who had a son who is a professor at the University of Michigan; Simon, who is Percis' father, also had a daughter, Leta. Percis had a son and a daughter; Tjeerd, who had seven children as follows: Ruth, who died; Carl, a druggist; Paul lives in Kansas; Charles, who is a professor at Harvard; George; Oscar, who had daughters Thelma and Gertrude; and Gertie, who had the following children: Harold, Grace, Clarice, Esther, and John. John has a son in medical school in U. of Michigan.

NOTE: My Grandfather Dexter, Tjeerd Klaazes Dexter, was a lay preacher in Holland.

DEXTER-DEYOUNG RELATIONSHIP

The Dexters and DeYoungs are related, and it is like a Chinese puzzle, or separating the sheep from the goats, to explain the relationship.

1. Klaas Dykstra, my paternal great grandfather married Trincy Van der Mei Kuiken, my paternal great grandmother.

2. Einte (Edward) DeYoung, my great maternal grandfather, married Ebeltzie Van der Mei DeYoung, my great maternal grandmother.

3. Trincy Van der Mei Kuiken, my paternal great grandmother, was a Ebeltzie Van der Mei DeYoung, my maternal great grandmother.

Therefore, great grandmother DeYoung was an aunt of grandmother Dexter.

To further boggle the mind, my father's brother married my mother's sister, and my father's sister married my Grandfather DeYoung's brother.

NOTE: MEI is pronounced MAY and means RIVER.

MARCH 1984 -

I am writing this from memory, which is rather sketchy. Ted Dexter, son of John and Trincy Dexter Dexter and brother of Rena Dexter Blew, lies seriously ill in a hospital at Urbana, Illinois. His home town is Danforth. Ted married and had four sons by his first wife, who passed away. Later, he went to Minnesota and became re-acquainted with his former girl friend, who was working as a registered nurse and had never married. The friendship grew, and as a result, they were married. One of their four sons joined the armed forces and was sent to the Pacific area. Korea? Viet Nam? He simply vanished and was never heard from again. His parents are totally mystified and wonder what became of him. Whether he lost his life in battle, or was he taken prisoner, or what? Ted's wife, Bess, and his son, Ted, remain with him at the hospital.

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MARCH 1984 -

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(Bess)

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY

My mother's family came to America in 1880, which was about a year before my father's family came. My mother's name was Matsie (Martha) DeYoung. My grandfather, Cless DeYoung, married Trincy Pothuisje in 1874, who was my grandmother. They both came from the same vicinity in Holland, which was in the northwest part known as St. Jacob's parish. Four of the DeYoung children were born in Holland. They were Ebeltje (Belle), Matsie (Martha), who was my mother, Inte, a son, and Classie (Clara), who was an infant of three months. What nerve and fortitude it must have taken for a family of six to set out for a strange land where people were strangers and talked a strange language, and to leave family and friends behind. Mother was four when she came to Goodland, Indiana on the Fourth of July, 1880, and the family went to Grandma DeYoung's brother's home. Eventually there were 10 more children...a family of 14 little ones. The premises must have been alive with little DeYoungs so Grandma must have had to be careful lest she step on a couple. And no Pampers! Mother said they slept crosswise in bed so there would be room for all.

They were the poorest of the poor. There was no county aid, and I sometimes wonder if they would have accepted had there been. Mother had to drop out of school when she was in the sixth grade to help support the family. There was absolutely no money. The only work to be had was housework. Times were hard and it was impossible for foreigners, and poor ones at that, to get credit. Enough food to keep the wolf from the door was a big problem. If the children ate breakfast, there was not enough food for the dinner pail, and vice versa. The sleeves of the coats were so short they came half-way between the wrists and elbows. Grandmother baked a sack of flour into bread every week...a 50 pound sack. Her bread was of such fine quality that it tasted like cake...no running to the store for a loaf of bread. No finiky eaters, no cokes, and no pizzas. What was set before them was eaten...and I sometimes wonder would it be better for all of us if that were the condition today?

Grandmother tried to get a little credit. One storekeeper turned her down flat, but the other storekeeper gave her a little credit. The situation was desperate. Several years later when times were a little better for the DeYoungs, the first storekeeper said, with a toothy smile, "Mrs. DeYoung, we would like to have some of your business". Grandmother drew herself up to her full height, and with a withering look, replied, "I'm going to give Mr. Little my business". Grandmother was equal to any occasion.

We have heard of this story about Grandma DeYoung and have often chuckled about it. She had not been in America very long and it seems she was going somewhere on a train. She was standing beside the train talking to a friend. The conductor called, "All aboard". Grandma spoke up with a thick Dutch accent and said, "You yust vait a minute. I'm not ready yet". In after years, I've always wondered just how the conductor solved the problem.

The following children were born in America, in quick succession, may I add. John, Agnes, Sadie, Dora, Emma, Harry, Jerry, George, Chris, and Clarence. Jokingly, Clarence has said that he was called Louis because he was the 14th. As I look at the list, I think to myself, no wonder there was not enough to eat.

Grandfather DeYoung died in Goodland, Indiana, in 1896 from consumption, known as TB today. This was January 6, when Clarence was three months old, Mother was 20, and Grandfather was 40. Little Emma died a little more than a year later... May 21, 1897, when she was eight years and eight months old. The children were walking home from school along the railroad track when someone remarked that there was a tramp coming. The children started to run. Emma was eating a piece of bread, and in her fright, inhaled a few crumbs. This was the start of quick comsumption, which proved to be fatal. She was such a sweet dispositioned child, and was everybody's favorite...had curly chestnut hair. On her death bed, she said, in Dutch, "O children, He's coming, He's coming". Both she and Grandfather lie at rest in the cemetery at Goodland, Indiana.

In 1903, Grandmother DeYoung came to the farm in Iowa, which was one mile west, one mile south of Ware and the first place of the corner. In later years, it was known as the home place.. after all the fledglings had left. In the fall before, Inte, Harry, and Jerry came to ready the place for the rest of the family to come. There was no one to do the cooking, so they had to take turns at the very unpleasant task. Anyone who criticized the cooking immediately fell heir to the job. One day, the one who was doing the cooking wanted to pass the job on to somebody else, so he threw a big handful of salt into the brew. At mealtime, the food was not delectable. One spoke up and said (in Dutch), "It's a bit salty," and then caught himself in time as he feared he'd get the job, "but it's delicious". This story has to be told in Dutch in order to get the full impact. But it goes to show in spite of all the adversities, life had its lighter moments.

When I was four years old, my parents decided to build a new house, which was about 1911. The family consisted of three children, a teacher, a hired man, besides my father and mother.

More room was needed to spread out. The old house had to be moved and a new house with eight rooms was to replace it. But alas! When it became time to move the old house, it could not be budged...moving it with horses was not enough power to pull it. So the only thing that could be done...just add four more rooms...two up and two down. Carpenters came and the work was begun. Of course, the carpenters had to be housed and fed, as it was impossible to drive back and forth to Laurens every day with horse and buggy. I remember we ate in the new dining room although it was not finished, but it was warm in the summer, so there was no need for heat. There were three screened-in porches, a cistern with a pump on it on the back porch so the housewife would not find it necessary to go out doors in inclement weather. The cistern water was piped into the kitchen to the sink where there was a little pump to pump the water. These pumps today are antiques. So now we had a place to wash our hands and faces with a drain to drain the water away. What a blessing! Of course, no one had ever heard of washing the dishes in the sink the way the modern woman does today. And a dish washer!!! <u>That</u> was <u>unbelievable!!!</u> Bathrooms were for city people. Womankind had no time to think of equal rights for women. (We also had a one-room cellar.) The first thing my father did was to make a cave, as the Pomeroy cyclone (tornado) had hit Pomeroy, Iowa, about 25 miles distant, and had killed several people and injured many more. This had occured a few years previously, so the whole countryside was cyclone conscious. Even caves were built in the yard of the country schoolhouses, so in an emergency the teachers and pupils could take refuge. This was a very necessary step...other matters could wait.

There was no hot water in the new house save what could be heated in the reservoir on the back end of the cookstove. This water was heated by the fire in the cookstove, and had to be filled daily with either a dishpan or a bucket. Of course, when there was no fire in the stove, there was no warm (not hot) water. People that were fortunate had a kerosene stove... either with two or three burners. The wicks had to be trimmed, and the tank had to be filled with kerosene, but it was a big improvement over the cookstove. No wonder these old houses had two doors in every room as well as several windows. The heat from the cookstove made it a necessity. The cookstove was a big comfort on a cold morning in the winter. Three bedrooms upstairs were used for sleeping and one was called a spare room (today it is called a guest room), and it was used when company came to stay all night. There was a garret, not an attic, and it could be reached by standing on a chair or on a ladder. Sidewalks were laid all around the house; the yard was sown with grass seed so eventually there would be a lawn, mowed by hand with a push mower. Soft maples were planted around the house so there would be plenty of shade, and at last a wovenwire fence was installed around the lawn. This was the ultimate...what more could a person wish for?

On the old house there had been a summer kitchen on the north-east corner of the house. It was exactly what it was called... a room in the summer to cook, can, etc. so the kitchen proper could be kept cooler - and cleaner. It was an unfinished room that was never used in the winter; I have no idea where it came from...whether it was built or hauled in...but it served the purpose, and made the house seem larger.

The country school house was only about one-eighth of a mile from home - on the east corner - so it was logical that the teacher took room and board with my parents. The salary for a teacher in those days was a mere pittance...about $25 or $30 per month. The school year was divided into four parts... fall term, and winter, spring and summer terms; I cannot remember we ever had any school in the summer, as any boy large enough had to help his father about the farm in the summer. What I was about to say is that though I was too small to go to school, the teacher wanted me to "speak a piece" as it was called in those days. I can remember my mother and the school teacher sat in the summer kitchen one evening by the light of the kerosene lamp as I looked on with interest. They were trying to hollow out a big potato and put it over the head of my doll, but the venture was unsuccessful. Following is the piece I was to speak. My Emily Jane has lost her head, I put a potato on instead, Two holes for her eyes, A lump for her nose, She really looks better than you would suppose. Whether I went to the front of the school to the platform and spoke the piece, or whether I balked (which was more like me) I have no memory. What small insignificant things one remembers.

I remember the teacher had a Ford touring car that she drove to school when the weather was warm and the roads dry. Occassionally at noon she would take us children for a ride. We all crowded into the car - there must have been a dozen of us - and with the car fairly bulging, we went a mile south to what today is called the Ware road. Cars in those days were few and far between, so that must have been the first car ride I ever had. Little things like that are long to be remembered and treasured in one's memory.

We had gasoline lights in our new house which were in three rooms...kitchen, dining room, and parlor or living room as it is called today. The house was wired as for electricity only the wiring was copper tubing. The gasoline flowed through this tubing. A three-gallon tank held the gasoline, which was under pressure. A tire pump could be attached to the tank and thus the pressure was pumped up. Each individual light had to be generated with a torch soaked with alcohol. There was no gauge on the tank, so we had no means of knowing at which hour the tank would run out of gasoline. Often times, it was just as we had settled down for an evening of reading or doing lessons for the next day. As filling the tank was

quite a hassle, we either lit the kerosene lamp or called it quits and went to bed. The tank was filled in the morning. The light might grow dim for one of two reasons. Either the pressure was low and someone had to pump up the pressure, or the "needle had to be turned", which was a job for my father. He reached up to the light and turned a thing-a-ma-jig which cleared the light of all impurities and the light worked as good as new. Gasoline gave a white light which was superior to electricity. In 1940, we bought a 32-volt light system which was run by a Wincharger tower, which was powered by the wind, with the electricity stored in batteries in the cellar. In 1944, the tornado wrecked the tower (as well as the windmill) so we went on the highline.

About the same time, Grandma needed a new house, as the old one was decrepit and falling apart. Their new house was a square house with eight rooms and a one-room cellar. Many square houses were built in the day, as it was the most economical as far as construction was concerned. It had two screened-in porches, a one-room cellar, and a cistern under the back porch. Cistern water was piped into the kitchen to a sink so now the water could be poured down the drain instead of carried outdoors. The sink had a small pump so water could be pumped into the sink. A piece of the old house was used as a wash house so there would be a place to wash clothes. Like ours, the machine was powered by hand by pushing a lever back and forth, and the most soiled part of the wash had to be rubbed on the wash board. If hard water had to be used (and often the cistern ran out of water), it had to be "broken" with lye when well water had to be used. It was a real tragedy when the cistern ran dry. I can still see my father, sitting on a chair, the washing machine under a shade tree where it was cool, pushing the handle back and forth for five minutes with the alarm clock on the washing machine, helping Mother before he went to the field. Clothes were to be hung on the line in the summer (with the women hopeful a sudden shower did not come up) and hung in the house in the winter. There was no basement. There were other little(?) jobs that had to be done, such as cooking meals and washing dishes, carrying in coke and coal, taking care of the chickens, making school lunches, making beds, cleaning, scrubbing, dusting, straining the milk and skimming the cream, taking care of the chickens twice a day, squalling babies, washing and ironing, baking bread and making butter, baking pies, cookies and cakes...farmers were hungry after working in the field half a day. There are more jobs I cannot think of off-hand, but this gives a rough idea of what confronted the housewife as she faced a new day. Aunt Sadie and Aunt Nora stained and varnished all the woodwork in the entire house, and there were always incubators to be set, which was not included in the above list. The incubator was similar to a flat baby box with a lid which stood on four legs. A kerosene lamp was fastened

to the side of the incubator, which kept the eggs at body temperature. This lamp must be filled and the wick trimmed daily so the eggs would not get chilled. Forgot to say that first of all, eggs must be placed in the incubator, and you supplied your own eggs or bought some from a neighbor. The eggs must be turned every day so each egg was marked with an X on one side so the housewife could see at a glance which eggs had been turned. It was hoped that the eggs would hatch 100% so there was what was termed "a good hatch." Now the real work began. The chicks must be placed with a broody hen.. probably six hens were needed, each in a separate little house. Often the housewife had to hammer a crude little house together with saw, hammer and nails, and any old boards she could find lying on the yard. The chicks had to be fed and watered... they could be started on sour milk for the first two days... how they loved sour milk. Chicks also were fond of rolled oats and if they were changed to a feed bought uptown called Chickfeed (seeds of some sort), they refused to eat and peeped mournfully. Mother baked some cornbread for them. This was not like the cornbread that was set on the table for the family, but was an inexpensive recipe which the chicks dearly loved. As they grew bigger, they ate bugs, worms, etc. so they did not need as much attention as when they were first hatched.

In order to tell you how hard life was, we had a family friend in Pella, Iowa, years ago who hired out to do the family washing. It took her all day to do the washing (in the kitchen)... she had to wash or rub the clothes on a washboard, hang them on the line. Finally she scrubbed the kitchen, blacked the cookstove...all for 25¢ per day.

Ironing was a big chore, especially on a hot day. The sadirons were heated on the cookstove and <u>everything</u> had to be ironed, no wash and wear. All ladies' clothes were stiffly starched, "and every lady wore a gown that rustled from her tonsils down"...there were corset covers probably with lace or crochet trim, drawers that were never seen and never mentioned in mixed company, housedresses, petticoats, tablecloths, curtains, men's dress shirts, and some went so far as to press the men's socks, which we never did. Dish towels and hand towels were pressed but never starched. Finally, gasoline irons came into use, which were a big improvement over the sadiron. The gasoline iron had to be filled with gasoline, generated with a torch of alcohol, and finally lit with a match. One relaxed in the evening by doing a little embroidery, probably harddanger.

The Sabbath day was not to be neglected. Aunt Sadie and Aunt Dora were young ladies, and it was very proper for all young ladies to attend Sunday School and church on Sunday. Services were in the afternoon, as the preacher had church at Havelock in the morning and at Ware in the afternoon. Havelock and Ware

was a combined charge. Old Fannie was hitched to the single buggy (this was a buggy with a top drawn by one horse and carried two passengers), and if I happened to be at Grandma's on Sunday as we often were...we went there for Sunday dinner in the carriage. The carriage was a two-seated buggy with a top which was pulled by plow horses, me all dressed up in a white starched dress over a white starched petticoat. After all, what self-respecting mother would let her little girl go without a white dress on Sunday?? We generally arrived at Grandma's shortly before dinner, which was very late in the morning. It was a treat to go to Sunday School and church, for they let me drive Fannie, who was fat and lazy and would rather stop dead in her tracks than pull the buggy. So it was perfectly safe for me to drive, and oh, how important I felt! Of course, everything was under the supervision of my two aunts, so there was not much chance that Fannie would run away. Church services were over at 4:00 p.m. so after we arrived at Grandma's, it was time to start home in the carriage, as there were chores to do, cows to be milked, chickens to be fed, and time to get supper.

Childhood days were very simple. We were not allowed to run around in the neighborhood, but had to make our own fun. We were playing outdoors nearly all summer long except when we had chores to do. My job was to get a basket of cobs each evening and gather the eggs. How I could find so many things that were more fun...it would be close to dark when I finished by assigned chores. Mother let me alone...I could do them after dark if I so wished. Saturday morning my chore was to wash the breakfast dishes. This took all morning...anything for an excuse to avoid doing the dishes, but Mother let me choose to do the dishes immediately or to "fiddle around" and take all morning and get them finished just before dinner. This was the best training I ever had, although I did not think so at the time. Jim and I played in the grove that was so shady that the sun never penetrated the thick trees...a relief from the heat of summer. I was the housekeeper and he was the storekeeper. We had an imaginary party-line telephone and we constantly called each other.. the store ring was one long and one short, but forget what my ring was. He sold sodys, or sodas, which were made of lime water and any colored juice we could come by, when we were lucky to get some from Mother. My two older brothers dumped me, so Jim was the victim to play with me...they did not want a girl around. When the weather grew colder, Jim and I also played school together. My desk was the sewing machine and I assigned the lessons from some old school books. I have no idea what Jim used for a desk. I had always wanted a baby sister, so made a girl out of Jim instead. He was very good natured about it... put one of my old discarded dresses on him and tied a bow in his hair. This was a long tedious job, as his hair was not only short, but baby fine. It took a long time and more patience.

We also played run around the house. We would start at the front door and run in opposite directions to see who could get back to the front door first. We played water color, also. The one who was "it" would choose a color and the other person had to guess the color. The one who was "it" had a thimble of water he threw in the other person's face if he guessed the right color. One of the favorite colors was sky blue pink. When the game began to pall, we chased each other around with a dipper of water. "Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight." Life was simple and the pleasures were few but we enjoyed life to the fullest. Just to have vacation (from school) was a joy in itself...we were never bored as mothers say their children are today. If we had said we were bored, our parents would have ended that kind of talk in a hurry. I never see anyone on the yard today when I drive by in the car.. neither children nor adults. I wonder where they all are! We never had a swing set nor a wading pool to play in. We had a bag swing and an ordinary rope swing...all homemade...and if we were lucky, we had a lawn swing. The latter was a train and leaves from the trees were tickets. I never had a pony, but I wished desperately for one. With a group, we played anteover, fox and geese in the winter, pom pom pullaway, and here we come, where you from? New York. Winter evenings we played croquinole on the game board, we would play flinch, but I was not much interested in cards, and when the radio came, we had supper early on Sunday evenings so we could listen to Eddie Cantor at 7:00 p.m. Dad always liked to listen to Amos and Andy on weekday evenings.

I was a regular "pill" when I was little, and not the paragon of virtue that I am today. A-hem! When I was a baby in the baby buggy, I let out a loud howl if I looked back and saw anyone except my mother rocking the baby buggy back and forth. When I was a little older, I had the obnoxious habit of making faces if anything displeased me. One day, my mother must have done something to raise my hackles, so I went behind the house to make faces at her (thinking this was a safe place of refuge). Just as I was making faces, she stepped out of the door and caught me, redhanded. She sent me to bed. Mother said I was worse than the boys (my brothers) when we were fighting. I, myself, doubt that, but of course I'm prejudiced. The boys would slug, but all I could do was bite and scratch. I was a tiger and not one to give up easily, so I'll call it Even Steven. Never did I hear her say anything about the boys, who were several sizes larger than I was. When Aunt Belle spent the summer with us in 1947, she told me the following, although I do not remember it. Uncle Cralis asked me, "Do you like me, Maudie?" I looked him up and down, and very cageily answered, "Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't." Although I have no recollection, she also told me the following, which must have happened when I was barely able to totter across the floor.

I said, "Me don't like she. Me knock she down." Have no idea who "she" was. You can see that often times I was not the general favorite. Mother was real nice and let me have a tennis ball that cost 35¢, which was a lot of money, when I was nine years old. How I cherished that ball. Wonder whatever became of it. When the neighbor girl came, we bounced the ball as we played one two buckle my shoe. She also let Jim have a ball of his own...I thought wonders would never cease...70¢ in one shot. When I went to Grandma's when I was real small, my uncles would shove my mother into the dark cellarway just to see my reaction. I felt so sorry for my mother as I was afraid of the dark. They also lifted me up to the ceiling and I was afraid, as it was so high. They cracked a raw egg and dropped the contents into their mouth to see my reaction. Ugh. How revolting.

Aunt Belle DeYoung, my mother's sister, married my father's brother, who was Cralis Dexter. They made their home at Ware, Iowa, where Uncle Cralis built and owned a general merchandise store. This was in the early 1900s, shortly after the railroad had gone through. Ware was being built at that time, and hopes were high for a successful town. It lasted until about 1920, when it began to deteriorate...some say the automobile did it as they were becoming more prevalent. Aunt Belle and Uncle Cralis had two children - Eleanor was born in 1897 and little Donald died at the age of two in 1901 from pneumonia and complications. He is buried at Havelock, Iowa. All the groceries were dealt out by hand, whether it was a pound of coffee by hand by turning the wheel of a big coffee grinder which stood on the counter, or a pound of sugar. There was no electricity...this came in about 1929 when it was brought in from Pocahontas. Crackers came by the barrel and cookies by the box. Figuring was done by hand...no calculators. In about 10 years they were ready for greener pastures, so they moved to California. This was the fall of 1911. Going at the same time was Great Uncle Harry and family of three daughters... Agnes, Isabel, and Bessie, who was nine. They left by train from Ware...a long tiresome journey. A little daughter, Clarice, had passed away at six weeks and is buried at Havelock. Both families settled at Acampo, California, but later Great Uncle Harry moved to Redwood City, and later moved to Menlo Park. The four daughters of both families graduated from Berkeley University. Great Uncle Harry died of a stroke and Uncle Cralis died of heart and asthma.

Eleanor became a teacher at Vacaville, California, where she met Harry Nelson. Harry had varied interests...he was a farmer, a banker, and ran a motel with Eleanor's help when she wasn't teaching. When Eleanor went home for the weekend to Acampo, Harry found an excuse to go on the same bus to Sacramento, as there was some business that needed urgent attention.

Clever ruse. Finally the love bug bit in earnest and Harry and Eleanor were "united in holy matrimony" and made their home in Vacaville, where Eleanor continued to teach until retirement. She kept on furthering her education until she earned her Ph.D. They owned the motel in Vacaville, but the road was widened because of the heavy traffic that finally the highway disposed of the motel...they had a very fine motel. Harry has since passed away. Eleanor is vitally interested in the historical society and at present, Vacaville has a very fine historical building, she can sew a fine seam, has done catering, and she and Harry have traveled extensively, both here and abroad. They built a beautiful home in Vacaville that is furnished with antiques.

Aunt Belle DeYoung Dexter visited in Iowa the summer of 1947. We met the train at Boone, Iowa. It was a rather muggy day with intermittent rain...a typical day in late May. After we had retired for the night, we awoke in the morning with snow on the ground and 20 degrees. The snow continued all day... May 28. It froze the leaves on the trees and we watched with great interest whether they would make a comeback - they did. We enjoyed Aunt Belle to the fullest. We really lived it up... sugar rationing was taken off that summer, so we revelled in pie and cake...I'd beat up a cake in nothing flat, and <u>frosted</u> it besides. There were ample occasions that called for fried spring chicken...and besides, didn't we have to celebrate every time someone had a birthday? There were many things to do and places to go...there were a lot of relatives to visit. Aunt Belle had a marvelous sense of humor and regaled us with many a story when the Dutch first came to America...stuckies, or stories, we called them, which means incidents, or tales. We drooled every minute she was here and it was with heavy hearts when time came when we had to say goodbye the last of August. I remember she was very interested to see how the threshing was done...it was the last year we threshed, as from then on it was combining the crops. Threshing was a thing of the past. Aunt Belle had a very trim figure and carried herself well...was well-dressed but not expensively so. I envied her...I was so overgrown and never bought an outfit that did not have to be remodeled. She was a perfect 36. Her clothes fit perfectly, and when she got inside them they looked stylish. Her beautiful iron-gray hair looked perfect set with a swirl in the back. She could have been a fashion model...she was just the right weight for her height and bone structure.

Uncle Inte DeYoung was born in Holland. When he came to Iowa, he married a neighbor girl, Eliza Chappell. All the DeYoungs loved her as if she were their very own. They had a child, Edna Rae, who was born December 7, 1910. She was three years younger than I...she was born on the farm one mile south of Ware, which is the farm Uncle Harry later bought. This is the farm where Aunt Sadie, Uncle Harry, and Grandma lived when

Grandma died in 1922. Edna attended and graduated from Berkely University, and this is where she met a fellow student, James T. Biggers. They were married and were the parents of sons: Bobbie, Edwin, and David...the family made their home in Fresno, California. Edwin was appointed to attend the military academy in Annapolis, Maryland. All the sons are married and have families of their own. Uncle Inte spent time in Denver because of his health, and then the family moved to Turlock, where he spent the rest of his days. The cause of his death...consumption. Both Uncle Inte and Aunt Eliza are buried in Turlock. Jimmie Biggers continues to make his home in Fresno. Edna passed away in June, 1983, from a stroke. After Uncle Inte died, Aunt Eliza married Milton Pope, who had three daughters.

Aunt Clara DeYoung married Lee Lowe from Indiana. Their first home was at Kokomo and then they moved to Brook, Indiana. Uncle Lee owned a garage there and was an excellent mechanic. In fact, we bought our first car from him in 1917, which was a Chalmers touring car...he drove it from Indiana to Iowa along with his two year old son, Bruce, and his wife, Clara. My brother, Chester, was about 15 years old and Uncle Lee taught him to drive. Every evening, we took a ride around the section with Uncle Lee along so he could supervise the driving. What a thrill to go for a car ride every evening... we thought wonders would never cease, as there were very few cars in the neighborhood. Chester was a very apt student, or pupil, as they were called in those days. I do not remember Aunt Clara too well as she always lived in Indiana. Her first child, Mildred, was about the same age as I was, so the few times we got to be together were joyous ones. Aunt Clara came to Ware with the children to see her mother, who was my grandmother. I have often wondered about the hardship of such a trip by train, which must have been quite an undertaking, and a trip that must have required much forethought. They visited in Iowa when I was seven and again when I was about 10. When I was 10 we hardly saw each other and I was so jealous that they spent most of the time at Grandma's house. We children had the smallpox! Do not know where they came from or how we got them. We had very light cases and were hardly sick... but we did not go anywhere for fear of spreading them. People who came to the door, we warned them saying, "We have the smallpox here," although the doctor did not quarantine us, which we thought was very strange. After the disease had run its course, we fumigated the house with formaldehyde. We slept in the barn that night and I remember I thought it was an exciting experience as there was little to break the monotony in those days. Big events in the lives of little people. When Mildred came to visit, we put toothpicks on red radishes and pretended they were all-day suckers. We found it necessary to rely on our imagination, and anyway, we had no money.

Finally Mildred had a baby brother, Harold Lee, who was born about 1912. Another brother was born a year or two later, Bruce Haldon. This completed the family circle. All the children were born at Brook, Indiana. The family moved to a farm near Royal Center in the early 1920s where Aunt Clara and Uncle Lee spent the rest of their days. Mildred taught country school and later taught in Royal Center, where a new young doctor had come to town. His name was William Kendall Newcomb, who had had his training at Rush Medical School. Of course, the teacher had to take her pupils to the doctor for their shots and check-ups as was the custom of the day. Nature took its course, and Mildred and Ken were married in her home August 5, 1939, with the families present. This is often the way of a man with a maid. After a honeymoon in California, and back to routine work, a son, William Kendall, Jr. was born a year later...a precocious little fellow...one who outwitted the adults. In 1942, Ken was called to duty by his country, so Ken, Mil, and Billy set out for California to the Army camp. He was sent overseas to the islands near Japan. Mil and Billy came back to Indiana to make their home in their own home in Royal Center...a spacious house...until Ken's return in early 1945 when Ken resumed his practice. Mil's health started to fail and after a long illness, she passed away in an Indianapolis hospital August 11, 1955. Son Bill graduated from high-school in 1958 at Royal Center, where he had been an outstanding athlete. Today he lives in Michigan, is married, and has a family. He is an architect. Ken is still in Royal Center and is a surgeon in the hospital at Logansport. Harold Lowe attended Purdue University. He became an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, as he was always vitally interested in locomotives. He also served in W.W. II...in India. When he was sent home after peace was declared, he married Dorothy Kraay of Logansport. They bought a farm near Logansport, but he also continued his work on the railroad...many times on the night shift. Dorothy was a good helpmeet, as the Bible says. His death was untimely and sudden May 29, 1972. He is buried at Royal Center beside Mildred and his father and mother. Dorothy lives in Logansport to make her home. Bruce Lowe was born about 1915. He served in the Navy in peacetime before W.W. II. He married Velsie McVety of Logansport while he was in the Navy in California, where a daughter, Anita Louise was born about 1936. They returned to Logansport, where he was a purchasing agent for a machinery company. Anita Louise, or Punky, is married and has a son. Both Punky and her son are living in Pennsylvania, where he is employed and she works for an attorney. Bruce and Velsie make their home in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Aunt Clara and Uncle Lee spent their last days on the farm near Royal Center...she died December 1956 and he died a little more than a year later, January 1958.

Both Uncle John and Aunt Agnes (my mother's sister and brother) died while they lived on the home place. Agnes was born at Goodland, Indiana, January 14, 1882 and died December 2, 1904. John was born at Goodland January 21, 1880 and died June 1, 1910. Both died of consumption and are buried at Havelock.

After Aunt Sadie lived on the farm with her brother, Uncle Harry DeYoung, for a couple of years after the death of Grandma, in 1924 she married Martin Larson, a long-time family friend. The couple went to Ware to the parsonage where the ceremony was read (Ware had a resident pastor at the time) and then went back to the farm for the wedding supper. I do not recall who cooked the wedding supper, but I do remember Mother was there. Of course, Jim and I had to stay at home, but she told us afterward that Jim and I had ding-a-linged over there so often on the party line that the neighbors would suspect that something unusual was going on. This was in the days of the crank telephone, and each phone had a certain "ring." Things were very hush-hush in those days...60 years ago! - and wouldn't the kids howl today if they knew how we lived back then! The newlyweds immediately left for Marathon, Iowa, where the groom ran a furniture store, and also helped his brother at Newell, Iowa, who was an undertaker...today we call them morticians or funeral directors. The wedding took place March 21.

Aunt Sadie and Uncle Martin remained in Marathon until January, 1929, when they bought the store in Ware. It was a general mercantile store which also contained the post office, which was in charge of Aunt Sadie. There was no electricity in town so the iceman brought huge blocks of ice in his truck for a soda fountain that was in the store. All it contained was pop and ice cream...no sodas. In 1934, Uncle Martin and Aunt Sadie bought a grocery store at Havelock, Iowa, and also bought and sold poultry. The Ware store was sold to a man from Palmer, and the post office was moved to the vacant bank building where it was run by Minnie Iaschke Tuttle. The Tuttles had moved to Ware from Pocahontas, Iowa, along with their four little daughters. The post office was closed about 20 years later and the people in town are served by a R.F.D. out of Havelock. Aunt Sadie and Uncle Martin built a five-room house in 1941, and in 1949 moved to Albert City, Iowa, where they spent the rest of their days. Uncle Martin passed away in May, 1964, and Aunt Sadie passed away in March, 1965. Both are buried at Havelock.

Grandmother DeYoung had not been well for quite some time, but when her death came, it was a shock to the whole family. I was 14 and in the 10th grade. Grandma was living on the farm a mile south of Ware with Aunt Sadie and Uncle Harry. I shall never forget her death was on the first Tuesday after Mother's Day in 1922, May 16, and to me it was especially sad...the funeral was May 18. The neighbors came in and cooked the dinner

for the family. Aunt Clara and Aunt Dora came by train from Indiana...Aunt Belle was too far away, as it took four days to make the trip by train from California. There were 10 surviving children and all were present save one, 13 grandchildren and three step-grandchildren. The funeral was held at home, as the church at Ware was undergoing remodeling. Many funerals were held at home at that time. The choir sang three songs: Grandma's favorite - The Little Brown Church, Face to Face, and The Gate Ajar. A resident pastor preached the sermon. Touring cars were used for the trip to the cemetery. It was a sunny but cool day, so all the cars had side curtains; the roads had much to be desired as it had rained the day before. Burial was in the cemetery at Havelock. Cars were primitive in those days but they were a big improvement over the horse and buggy. Grandma had finally owned 320 acres of rich, fertile land. It was a tremendous task to acquire, but all the family had helped, son and daughters and Grandma...she had gone from comparative poverty to comparative riches. What lesson we can learn from her determination, her fortitude, her courage against tremendous odds. Our trials and troubles are like our blessings - countless!

Grandma was always trying to better herself. She learned to read the American language all by herself. She read the stories in the Sunday School paper and also read some novels...one was The Lamplighter. It is out of print but I would like to read it if it were available. Do not know the author.

Aunt Dora DeYoung was born March 13, 1886 at Goodland, Indiana. She married Avis Dutcher, a widower with three children, at Brook, Indiana, December 28, 1919, at the home of her sister and husband, Lee and Clara Lowe. Avis was born November 21, 1885, at Pine Village, Indiana. He died September 18, 1926, at Williamsport, Indiana, where he was trying to arrest a desperado. He had searched the desperado but failed to find a gun that was in his pant leg. Avis said to him that they should try to talk it out...the desperado pulled the gun and Avis and the desperado shot each other simultaneously. Avis died instantly and the desperado was found a couple of days later in a patch of weeds... dead. Avis was a good sheriff...a lot of the officers were afraid of the desperado as he had committed a murder in another state. Uncle Avis and Aunt Dora had two children...Dorothy was born June 3, 1921, and Samuel born September 9, 1924, who was named for his grandfather. They were both born at Lafayette in the hospital. Aunt Dora married Frank Coon March 3, 1928; no children were born to this union. Frank was born May 5, 1880 at New Market and died August 10, 1949 in Russellville, Indiana, after a long illness. He is buried at Crawfordsville. Aunt Dora had three step-children: Lola Dutcher was born 1907 at Pine Village, Indiana; Thelma Dutcher was born May 21, 1912 at Pine Village; and Harold Dutcher was born February, 1917.

Uncle Avis' first wife died of influenza in W.W. I. Aunt Dora and Uncle Avis moved to town when he was elected county sheriff. Dorothy Dutcher married Harold Johnston July 20, 1940. Harold was born April 20, 1920. They were married at Lafayette, Indiana. To this union was born Judith Joan on July 10, 1941, in Renssalaer, Indiana, and Jerry born at Lafayette. Judith Johnston married Richard Warren Brooks on October 6, 1962... Richard was born on September 6, 1937. They had one child, Melanie Arlene, born February 22, 1965, at Indianapolis. Jerry Wayne Johnston married Kay Diane Cremeans of St. Louis, Missouri on June 14, 1964, at Indianapolis. Kay was born on September 24, 1946. They are the parents of Dawn Michelle born February 17, 1965, and Jeffrey Wayne, born August 17, 1967. Both children were born in Indianapolis. Samuel Dutcher married Betty Frances Allgood at Russellville, Indiana, January 1, 1944. Betty was born June 20, 1925 at Roachdale, Indiana. They were the parents of Lois Elaine, born July 3, 1946, at Crawfordsville, Indiana, and Steven Avis, born October 3, 1949, at Crawfordsville. Lois Elaine Dutcher married Steven Carey on July 4, 1964 at Crawfordsville. Steven was born in 1944 at Crawfordsville. Lois and Steven are the parents of Grant Lu Carey, born May 31, 1966, at Crawfordsville. Steven Avis Dutcher is not married. Harold and Dorothy Dutcher Johnston were divorced May 20, 1951.

(The above information was given by Dorothy Dutcher Johnston in 1968.)

In 1919, some changes were brought about. My Uncle Chris married a neighbor girl, Margie Plantz, who taught country school. They were married in the Methodist parsonage at Havelock. My Uncle George was married the next day at Peru, Iowa, to Nellie Cosand. Alfred Cosand was the superintendent at the Ware school. (This was the first year that Ware had a school and it consisted of only nine grades.) Nellie came to Ware to visit her brother, which started the whole thing. Nellie was red-headed, petit, and a stranger in town, and in Ware a stranger in town stuck out like a sore thumb. Everyone was curious and George was one of them. So you know the rest of the story. Now to get back to Chris and Margie. Margie was also cute and little and very nice looking...they made a very nice pair of in-laws. So when Uncle Chris and Aunt Margie settled down on the home place, Aunt Sadie and Grandma moved to Ware. They were in "the most northwest part of town"...in Cundy's bungalow...about the nicest house in the village. Nothing was modern...no electricity and no water and no basement. Aunt Sadie had been to business school in Ft. Dodge so she did bookwork at the grain elevator, but this made the day long and lonesome for Grandma. The street past the house was a grassy lane, and not as a street as we know it. Grandma was accustomed to the activity on the farm so she did not like town life. Aunt Nellie and Aunt Margie always had their hair

fixed so nice...in fact, Nellie's was curly. If I could have looked like one of them. I was about 10 years old and was skinny and scrawny, awkward and homely, with hair that was as wild and straight as a poker. Mother tried "to touch up" my hair with a curling iron. When there was a program of any sort, Mother tried her best to make the best of a bad situation with the curling iron heated in the lamp. How I wished she'd quit, as she often burned me. Ouch. I remember Aunt Sadie made iced tea by making it the first thing in the morning and then setting it in the cave until evening. That was iced tea. Uncle Harry bought a farm a mile south of Ware in 1920, so Aunt Sadie and Grandma, once again, were living on a farm...they could keep house for Uncle Harry. Dear Grandma's health started to fail and she lived there two short years. She passed away at the age of 67 on the farm that she loved.

A son was born September 1, 1923, to Uncle Chris and Aunt Margie...Robert. When Bob was abour four, in 1927, Uncle Chris bought a bare 80 about ½ mile northeast of the home place. They moved into a bungalow, built a barn and a few outbuildings, so now they owned a home of their own. To make it more homey, they planted some trees, planted a garden and a few flowers, built a porch on the side of the house which they covered with vines, and before long they had a very attractive place. Uncle Chris was one that was never idle; he ran a road maintainer at one time, was county assessor at one time, and was in charge of the county bridge gang, to mention a few jobs that he had. Finally he rented another 80 acres and when Bob grew bigger, he had good help about the place. Margie was no slouch either when it came to work. She sewed like a tailor, quilted, did all sorts of handwork, dressed chickens for the freezer, painted buildings, and was a jack-of-all-trades. You name it, she could do it. A son Russell was stillborn at the hospital at Storm Lake in April, 1937, which was a bitter disappointment to the family. He is buried at Havelock. Bob is an exact replica of his parents...he is ever busy. After Bob's parents died, he found a lady love in Albert City, Iowa... Geraldine Fertig. She has many interests in life...loves all animals, makes pets out of her geese and chickens, gardens, sews, reads, collects bells and banks, does all kinds of handwork, and to top things off, she is activities director at the Home in Albert City. The residents love her and she loves them in return. She is a wonderful person, and so is Bob. He has no bad habits; was in the Navy in W.W. II and saw action in the Pacific. He sent money home to have water piped into the house...never had to call home for money. He was so faithful to Uncle Harry in his last days, and Uncle Harry thought there was no one like Bob. Bob was with him at the very last. Both Margie and Chris are buried at Havelock. (NOTE: Forgot to say the bungalow Uncle Chris and Aunt Margie moved into was one hauled in from Pocahontas...it was made from lumber of the old courthouse.)

In 1915, Uncle Jerry married Blanche Crane, who lived a mile south of Laurens. She was a country school teacher. After she had finished the 11th grade, she got a job teaching country school. Later, she taught a country school near Grandma's farm. There was a household of young people at Grandma's and Blanche took board and room at the DeYoungs, as it was only a short distance from the schoolhouse. The inevitable happened ...and soon Jerry and Blanche announced intentions. The marriage occurred at Maquoketa in eastern Iowa, which was the former home of the Crane family. Vows were exchanged at the home of the bride's sister. The home of the bride and groom was in the cottage that belonged to Grandpa and Grandma Dexter before they left to make their home in California. This cottage is located 1½ miles northwest of Ware on the west side of the road. It was here that Burte Jay was born June, 1916. The family next moved to a farm three miles northwest of Ware where John Edward was born. This farm is better known as the Alstott farm. Alfred Theodore was born February, 1933, near Mercer, Missouri, where the family moved in 1930. Burte suffered a stroke in 1972 and passed away in his home in Rolfe very suddenly the night of December 24, 1979. Burte married Lillian Blomberg, who were the parents of five sons, all born at Ware, Iowa. They are as follows: Norman, March 25, 1936; Arthur, May 21, 1938; Jay, October 27, 1939; Dan, October 14, 1940; and Tom, September 13, 1944. They are all married with families and live at the following places: Norman, Wyoming; Arthur, Eagle Grove, Iowa; Jay, Corning, Iowa; Dan, Carroll, Iowa; and Ted in Kansas. Not much is known about Ted. Ed and wife Charlotte Moore from Laurens have two children, both married. Ed and Charlotte are both chiropractors and live in Topeka, Kansas. This makes 11 boys to carry on the DeYoung name, but sorry to say the Dexters are not nearly so fortunate. Burte worked at several jobs including farming, running a county maintainer, trucking, and doing road work in the mountains in Wyoming. Burte and Lillian made their final home in Rolfe, Iowa, and he is buried at Havelock, Iowa. Lillian works as the head cook in a convalescent home in Pocahontas, Iowa. Aunt Blanche and Uncle Jerry, after living in various places, moved to Ware where they lived the rest of their days. They, too, are buried at Havelock.

In 1919, my Uncle George met Nellie Cosand who was a sister of the superintendent of the school at Ware, Iowa. She lived in southern Iowa and had come north to visit her brother, Alfred. Young folks have a habit of mingling with each other by having parties, ice skating on the local ponds that are frozen in the winter, and playing what was called party games. They also went bob sledding, always in a merry group and never pairing off by themselves. Nellie was small, cute, red-headed and cute as a bug's ear. George and Nellie took one look at each other when the love bug hit...so the inevitable happened and the rest is history. Nellie's home was at Peru, Iowa and

the wedding was to be a home wedding as so many weddings were in those days. There were very few church weddings in the early 1900s. However, there was one fly in the ointment - the day of the wedding George had the mumps so the wedding was postponed for two weeks. They began keeping house a mile west of Ware and ½ mile north on the east side of the road. It was a small square white house with four rooms and no porches. Today it is the Howard DeYoung farm but the original house has been gone for a long time. Daughter Hazel Lois was born here on September 1, 1921. In 1927, George Howard was born September 20. The house was bulging...not a closet in the house... and after Lois was born, a large screen porch was added to the front of the house so there would be room for a crew of 18 threshers to eat. In 1934, the family moved to the home place which was an eight-room house with two screened-in porches and a one-room cellar. When Lois was about nine months old, she screamed whenever her leg was moved. After chores were done, Uncle George and Aunt Nellie took her to the doctor in Laurens. Doctors were always available in those days - no five-day week. The doctor was a young man only recently out of medical school, but he remembered a similar case when he was interning. It was osteomyelitis - an inflamation of the bones. Immediate surgery was necessary. She was taken to the hospital yet that night...a long haul even in the daytime with a Model-T Ford. Surgery was performed as soon as they got there...already the bone was honeycombed. However, she was fortunate that she suffered no ill-effects in later years. This was a very shrewd doctor to recognize the seriousness of the trouble, and had they waited until morning, it would have been a different story. Lois attended divinity school near Chicago where she became acquainted with Harold Marsceau. He was from Wisconsin and became a minister of the gospel, Evangelical Free denomication. They were married August, 1950, in the church at Albert City. They were parents of Douglas, David, Naomi, Daniel and DeWayne. Douglas is married and has an upholstery shop and preaches; David is married and has two children; Naomi is married and lives in Texas...has three children...recently was in a serious auto accident; and Daniel and DeWayne attend Bob Jones University as did all the other children. Lois and Harold live in South Carolina, Columbia?, and work with the youth. Howard does farming and also attended divinity school near Chicago. He married a minister's daughter, Delores Johnson, Evangelical Free denomination. They were married June, 1950. They have two children...Joan, born April, 1951, and Kenneth, born December, 1953. Joan graduated from divinity school and is an accomplished musician. She married Doug Anderson and has two little girls, both of school age. Kenneth married Jill Miller of Albert City in the Evangelical Free Church and they have two small boys under school age...Heath and Mark. Howard and Kennie farm on a large scale, raise a number of hogs and do trucking. There is never a dull moment. Delores, the distaff side of the household, keeps the wheels well oiled and greased so all things run smoothly...a big comfort to all concerned.

She is a C.P.A. and is good at figures. I can't add a column of figures without getting a different answer each time I add the same column. I always was under the impression that 2 and 2 made 22. Joan was voted the Queen of the Future Farmers of America and also was voted the Queen of Homecoming in the school at Laurens. I'm queen of the dishpan.

In January, 1927, Uncle Clarence married a divorcee, Tillie Hatteberg Wiltse. She had two children...Kenneth, about four, and Gladys, about two. Gladys is married and lives in Texas; Kenneth is married and lives in Renton, Washington. He is retired from a job with the city and was the head of the department with about 30 employees under him. Both graduated from the Consolidated School at Ware, Iowa, and Kenneth later served a term in the Navy. Uncle Clarence and Aunt Tillie became the parents of twin boys March 18, 1928...Richard and Raymond. Needless to say, both were as pleased as punch because it had been years since there were twins born in the DeYoung family. The family first lived about seven miles south of Laurens on the Fonda road and then moved to a farm four miles southwest of Ware, where Uncle Clarence was a member of the school board. In 1930, Uncle Clarence and Uncle Jerry held closing-out sales and, with their families, moved to Mercer, Missouri. They raised cattle on the Missouri grassland. In 1934, they moved back to Iowa, where Uncle Clarence bought the store at Ware from Aunt Sadie and Uncle Martin, who in turn bought a grocery store at Havelock and also bought and sold poultry. Uncle Clarence and Aunt Tillie sold the store in 1937 Uncle Clarence worked on the road to Alaska and after that he did carpenter work. In 1939, he was divorced and married Leona Monkelien from Pocahontas on February 24, 1945. Uncle Clarence and Aunt Leona lived on a farm 1½ miles east and one mile south of Laurens until his death in 1962 at the age of 65. At the time, Dick was a bank examiner living at Grinnell and Ray was attending college. In 1962, they decided to go to California to visit Aunt Leona's sister (this was in February). They left from Perry, Iowa, and embarked on the train for California. They left their car at Perry so it would be there when they came home. When they arrived at Perry in the early morning hours on the way home, they found the car wouldn't start. The weather was cold as Iowa had had a series of snow storms and blizzards while they were in California. A policeman came along and offered to help but they all ate breakfast prior to trying to start the car. The policeman's car was warm so Aunt Leona sat in the policeman's car during the time they were trying to start the car. Uncle Clarence was working the footfeed when he slumped over, dead. He was rushed to the hospital, but he was dead upon arrival. Poor Aunt Leona was alone in her burden of grief, among strangers in a strange town. (I should have said that Ray was married and living in California at the time.) She had the terrible task of calling Ray in California, who was so glad to hear her voice, thinking she was home in

Laurens. She had to give him the death message and he broke down so his wife had to finish the conversation. Then she had to call Dick in Grinnell, Iowa. This telephoning was done in the funeral home at Perry. The funeral director from Laurens was accompanied to Perry by Howard DeYoung, who drove the car
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Joan DeSmets on February 11,
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nkuk were to be married on
was postponed until May
because Dick's leave had been cancelled.

BESS

Just for the record.

There were twins!

in Dad's family. His brother, Pete, was a twin - the other one died at birth or shortly after.

Then dad's brother, Cles had a son, Clarence, who had twin boys.

(Bess)

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Laurens. She had to give him the death message and he broke down so his wife had to finish the conversation. Then she had to call Dick in Grinnell, Iowa. This telephoning was done in the funeral home at Perry. The funeral director from Laurens was accompanied to Perry by Howard DeYoung, who drove the car home for her. The funeral was held at Ware, Iowa, in the Methodist Church, and needless to say, there was a big crowd of friends and relatives. Burial was near the former town of Rusk, which is southwest of Pocahontas and near the home of Aunt Leona's parents. Grant Township Cemetery is located back in a field; it took several men on county snowplows all day to clear the snow. Had they only known when they started on their fateful trip. Aunt Leona continued to live on the farm for several years and now lives in the farm home of her parents in the Pocahontas vicinity.

Dick married Ladonna Pannkuk of Laurens in 1950. They have three children - Denise, Diane and Douglas. Douglas at the present time attends college. The girls live in southern Iowa, are married, and have families of their own. Dick and Ladonna have two grandchildren and expect a third in June. And if I don't hurry to finish this, the child may be able to read it for herself.

Dick holds a responsible position...he is vice president of the Laurens State Bank.

Both Richard and Raymond served in the armed forces...Raymond served in Montana (?) and Dick served in Germany. Raymond was married in 1956 and lives in Washington state. Richard, or Dick, as everyone calls him, and Ladonna were to be married in March, but Dick was serving in the armed forces and he could not get a furlough. The wedding invitations were out so things had to be changed in a hurry to May. Dick served in Germany in peacetime. Ladonna attended college at Chapel Hill, South Carolina. Dick and Ladonna live in a beautiful home in Laurens, have two charming daughters and two beautiful granddaughters, Jennifer and Aj.

LITTLE NUGGETS TOO LATE FOR PRESS

1. Raymond DeYoung married Mariel Joan DeSmets on February 11, 1956 at the First Methodist Church in Brookings, S.D. He graduated from S.U.I. in 1951 on June 5.

2. Richard DeYoung and Ladonna Pannkuk were to be married on March 20, 1951, but the wedding was postponed until May because Dick's leave had been cancelled.

My Mother's Family, cont.

3. Howard DeYoung and Delores Marie Johnson were married on June 24, 1950. Lois DeYoung and Harold J. Marseau were married on August 9, 1950. Carol Dexter was flower girl.

4. Harold Lowe and Dorothy Kraay were married on May 12, 1946. Her grandfather was a Hollander.

5. Alice Martha Chafa, daughter of Dick (Richard DeYoung) was married to Charles Bernard McVey on September 2, 1950.

6. Henry Dexter Olson and Jane Grace McKenzie were married in the Presbyterian Church at Grant's Pass in Oregon on April 12, ????.

7. James Gordon Olson married Bonnie Marion Burgess on February 8, 1964, in the First Congregational Church at Santa Barbara, California.

8. Eileen Ann Otto married Donald William Nichols on August 2, 1963, in the Plover Methodist Church at Plover, Iowa.

9. Ruth Woodin married Camillus Walsh on August 31, 1957, at St. Patrick's Catholic Church on the Lizard (creek). It is a rural church southeast of Pocahontas; she is the daughter of Truman Woodin's.

10. Ed and Charlotte Moore DeYoung were married on November 9, 1941, at Spencer, Iowa.

11. Ed and Charlotte are both chiropractors. Graduated from Chiropractic school at St. Louis, Missouri, August 19, 1954. Ed is the son of the Jerry DeYoung's.

12. Billy Newcomb graduated from the Royal Center High School at Royal Center, Indiana, May 16, 1958. He is the son of Dr. Newcomb and the late Mrs. Newcomb.

13. Aunt Clara Lowe was born November 5, 1897 and died December 4, 1956. Uncle Lee Lowe was born September 7, 1879 and died January 21, 1958. Both are buried at Royal Center, Indiana.

14. Joanne Marie DeYoung was born June 26, 1951, 6 lbs. 4 oz. Kenneth Howard DeYoung was born December 8, 1953, 7 lbs. 8 oz. Children of Howard and Delores.

15. David James Biggers and Sharon Maureen Boyle were married July 29, 1961, Church of Christ, Fresno, California.

My Mother's Family, cont.

16. Jay Edwin DeYoung and Joan Ruth Pothast married on March 26, 1961, Methodist Church, Minburn, Iowa.

17. David Harold Marseau was born April 15, 1953, 8 lbs. 6 oz. Son and Harold and Lois DeYoung Marseau.

My Uncle Harry DeYoung

My Uncle Harry (November 15, 1888 - November 10, 1972) enjoyed a life of single blessedness. He was drafted into the Army during W.W. I and served Uncle Sam for more than a year. He never saw action overseas but missed service in Europe by only a hairbreadth. He was stationed at Charlotte, N.C. and was assigned to a six-week forlough, which had an ominous implication, and would have been shipped overseas had the Armistice not been signed. After being in the Army, he helped his brother, Jerry, farm and later dug tile ditch on the section east of here where the school house once stood on the corner. This land was uncultivated and was nothing but a big slew or swamp. He made his home with us for the duration. My Uncle Clarence was also drafted but got only as far as Camp Dodge in Des Moines, Iowa, when the war ended.

Uncle Harry bought a farm one mile south of Ware and moved there in 1920...160 acres, flat as a table top. As with so many other farmers, dirt farmers and "wheels" both, lost all they had when the Big Depression hit October 29, 1929. The result, to put it briefly, was that he had a closing-out sale complete with a "free lunch at noon." Today, every farm sale has "a lunch wagon on the grounds." The idea of a free lunch at noon was often abused...people came to eat the free lunch and then left on their merry way. Uncle Harry was an excellent farmer and raised about 1,000 chickens to pay his board bill...all the rest went into paying for the farm. He spent a little money for some smoking tobacco for his pipe and for a shirt and overall. Next, he rented a farm about ½ mile west, and later bought a farm one mile east and ½ mile north of Havelock on the west side of the road on Highway 4. This land...160 acres...he paid for without any trouble and this is the place he spent the remainder of his days.

I went to Uncle Harry's when he lived northeast of Havelock, which was in 1968 and he told me the following. Grandpa DeYoung, Uncle Harry's father, was earning $1.00 per day and he had ten children, so you know money was tight. The family lived in several different places and most of them were run down and badly in need of repair. One house was badly run down...was full of horseweeds surrounding the house. The house had been vacant for several years as it was supposedly haunted...and as the family had no money, no doubt the rent was cheap. Every night about midnight, the doors and windows flew open. Grandpa Dexter had no fear and was not afraid of anything, so one night

he searched the house about midnight with a butcher knife. He found nothing even though the doors and windows behaved in an irrational manner. Finally the story came to light - a rascal that wished to rent the farm cheaply frightened (or discouraged) all prospective renters by wiring the doors and windows. Do not know how the matter finally ended, but must say it was a very original idea. My Dad said that Grandpa DeYoung licked seven men, one right after the other, when he was in the Navy in Holland. No wonder I could fight. Uncle Harry was a very rebellious child - in fact, he was rebellious all his life. He flatly refused to go to school. Two of his older sisters (Sadie and Dora?) took him by the elbows and carried him to school as he lifted his feet off the ground. But we loved him just the same. I doubt if he went to school many years, but he wound up with 160 acres, a modern house, and a Buick.

Two People by the Name Harry DeYoung

1. Harry DeYoung was my mother's brother. He was born in the Goodland, Indiana vicinity. He was a W.W. veteran, but did not see service overseas. He bought and lost a farm a mile south of Ware in the Great Depression of 1929. He rented a farm one mile west of Ware and two miles south and the first place east of the corner. Later, he bought and paid for a farm one mile east of Havelock and 1½ miles north. He wound up owning the farm, had a furnace and an air conditioner, and a Buick car, was independent, and "pretty well off".

2. Harry DeYoung was a son of Einte and Ebeltje (Edward and Isabel) DeYoung who lived two miles southwest of Havelock. He was born in Holland. He married my dad's sister, Sitska (Sadie) and lived a mile west of Ware and the first farm north. They moved to California in the fall of 1911 and all three daughters attended Berkeley University. They lost one daughter while living near Ware...Clarice...who is buried at Havelock. The names of the girls were Agnes, Isabel, and Bessie. He was a batchelor.

NOTE: The first Harry DeYoung was a <u>son</u> of my grandfather, Cless DeYoung.
The second Harry DeYoung was a <u>brother</u> of my grandfather, Cless DeYoung.

My Great Grandfather DeYoung

Einte (Edward) DeYoung married Ebeltje (Isabel) Van der Mei... the date is unknown. They were both from St. Jacob's parish from a small town that is not on the map...West Hoek, or West Corner. Their large town was Leewarden or Dokkum.

My Mother's Family, cont.

Great Grandfather was a commercial fisherman. His parents gave him a modern fishing boat when he was married, which was an expensive present. Einte had several brothers, but when Einte and Ebeltje came to the U.S., they did not keep in touch and he did not hear from his brothers. His parents were boers, or farmers, in Holland and they were well-to-do. They didn't work and neither did any of their children so Einte had an easy life when he was young. They owned horses, and horses were few and far between in the old country. An enemy cut off the tails of the horses, and when they replaced the horses, someone poisoned them...a terrible thing to do. The latter incident broke the family financially. When the people saw a team of fast horses go by on the dike (road), "There go the DeYoung boys." Personally, I thing jealousy had a lot to do with it...it is terrible when "jealousy rears its ugly head."

Ebeltje ran a little store but she was too soft-hearted and gave too much credit when people had hard luck stories. Consequently, the people did not pay their bills and she lost the store. May I add here that some of the older sons went to church school. Einte and Ebeltje had four boys when the twins, Mark and Peter, were born, July 4, 1868. Mark died suddenly at the age of six weeks as his parents were hauling freight between Holland and England. He was buried at Helgoland, an island in the North Sea. (This island is on the map in the atlas.) His parents never went back to the island again. Helgoland was nearly bombed into the sea during W.W. I. It was a fishing island at that time. Now it has been rebuilt and is a resort with a lovely white sand beach.

Sons Harry and Christian saved enough money so their parents and family could come to this country. They did not like it here...all mud and flies, which they didn't have in Holland. It was hot, and they would have gone right back to the old country if they could have. Great Aunt Aggie was 11 years old when they came to America. My great grandparents lived on a farm one mile west, one mile south, and the first place west of the corner. The house was burned in 1983 as it was falling to pieces and was vacant (and had been) for several years.

Jessie Bockma Williams gave the the foregoing information for which I am very thankful.

One vivid memory remains in my mind although it happened more than 70 years ago. About once a summer on a very nice day, we would venture forth in the carriage behind the plow horses to go to my great grandparents. We went one step at a time so it must have been a slow trip. We got there just before dinner and probably started home early, as there were always chores at home that needed doing. We always had tea, or coffee (good old Dutch custom!) before we started home. Great Grandmother served angelfood for coffee...bless her dear loving hands. What a debt

of gratitude I owe her. These women today with their microwaves and modern stoves do not appreciate angelfood as it was appreciated back in the old days. It was an art to bake such a cake with a coal oven...it was a big delicacy when I was a child. Mother always told me not to jump up and down on the floor or the cake would fall. The stove had to be so hot, and not so hot that the cake would burn. Dear Grandmother offered me a second piece of cake and temptation overcame discretion, for I took a second piece. This must have impressed me greatly for I have never forgotten it although many years have passed. It was an unwritten law that if cookies or cake or whatever was passed the second time, a guest should always refuse. I wonder, today with cars, how long it would take to make a trip of four miles, and how long did it take with the plow horses hitched to the surrey. How sad we had no cameras and recorders, and that we did not listen better to the twice-told tales that went in one ear and out of the other. I barely remember Great Uncle Christian who was in poor health but he wiped the dinner dishes for his mother. He died at age 50 and certainly must have had a soft and generous heart. He had comsumption.

I neglected to say that my great grandparents had the following children: Klaas (Cless), who was my Grandfather DeYoung, Derek (Dick), Hessel (Harry), twins Mark and Peter, Aaghi (Agnes), and John.

Cless had 14 children. See elsewhere.

Dick Married Alice _____ and they had two sons and a daughter. Edward was very good looking and a very fine boy. He died at age 27, which they thought was caused from smoking too many cigarettes. He died from T.B. and was not married. Harry got T.B. and was sent to Mexico for his health. He recovered but got it back again in W.W. I. A lung was removed but the lung always drained. He was badly injured in the war and wore a plate in his back. He lived until he was 40...in California...had a very good job and received a good pension. He was a 32nd degree Mason. He was smart - like Great Uncle Dick. He was married and had children.

Taken from The Havelock Review, February 24, 1916.

MRS. DEYOUNG CALLED HOME

At the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Bocka, on Tuesday, February 15, occured the death of Mrs. Edward DeYoung, one of the oldest citizens of the community. She had been in poor health for a long time. Isabel Van Dermay was born in Holland October 3, 1831 and was 84 years, 4 months and 12 days at the time of her death. In 1852 she was united in marriage to Edward DeYoung and 9 children were born to this union. In 1883 Mr. and Mrs. DeYoung came to America and settled at Goodland, Indiana, where they resided until 1909 when they moved to Havelock.

Mrs. DeYoung was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church and was a faithful follower. She is survived by 5 children, 24 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren. The children are Richard of Omaha, Harry of Acampo, California, Peter of Oxford, Ind., and John and Mrs. Bockma of Havelock, Iowa. Funeral services were held at the Bockma home on Wed. of last week, and were conducted by Rev. Earl Hanna, pastor of the M. E. Church. Interment was in the Havelock cemetery. The children were all present at the funeral except Peter of Oxford, Ind. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community at this sad hour.

My Great Uncle Harry DeYoung

Great Uncle Harry DeYoung was born in Holland and came to America at age 16. He was a brother of Grandfather Cless DeYoung and a son of Great Grandfather Inte (Edward) DeYoung who lived two miles southwest and the first place west of the corner of Havelock, Iowa. Great Uncle Harry married my father's sister, Sitska, who was better known as Sadie. Great Uncle Harry and Sadie lived one mile west of Ware and the first place north of the corner. This is known as the Fred Hinrichs farm, but the house burned to the ground several years ago...the house was vacant. There were four daughters born in the family of Great Uncle Harry near Ware - Agnes, born 1897, Isabel was born 1899, Clarice, March 22 - April 20, 1901 (deceased) died when she was six weeks old and is buried at Havelock, and Bessie, born in 1902.

Agnes married Frank Spurlock. She was from Redwood City, California and he was from Covelo, California. Aggie attended Berkeley University and Frank attended Stanford University. She was a registered nurse and he was a geologist. They adopted two daughters who were sisters. Colleen Mae was born 1930. She married Anthony Reese. They had two children...Linda was born 1950 and David was born 1953. Myrtle Jean married William Henry Park and they also had two children...Karen Marie born 1949 and Mary Lou born 1952.

Isabel was born 1899. She attended Berkeley University and became an M.D. She worked in a hospital in Los Angeles and was interested in "blue babies." She was an anaesthesist and donated her work when the child was poor and underprivileged. Although she was not a member of the SOROPTIMIST (sp.) club, they voted her as the woman of the year. She married Roy Brown, who also attended Berkeley University and was an electrical engineer. They lived in Inglewood, California, and later moved to Los Altos. They had no children.

A third daughter, Clarice, was born 1901 (March 22 - April 29), lived only a few weeks, and is buried at Havelock. The fourth daughter was Bessie, born in 1902, who also attended Berkeley

University and married Oscar Olson. Oscar also attended Berkeley University. They were both school teachers. They had two sons...Henry Dexter and James Gordon. They are both married and Henry lives near Bessie and has a daughter, Dana, who attends college. James is married, lives in Connecticut, and has two children, and is a professor at a university. He spent time in India and studied "bugs" and diseases. Bessie was the first to be born in the new house built 1902.

Both Great Uncle Harry and Aunt Sadie are buried at the Los Altos cemetery, California, as Menlo Park has no cemetery.

Agnes was married to Frank Spurlock in the minister's study of the Christian church at Los Angeles October 31, 1923. Isabel was married at home in Redwood City, California, July 16, 1924, to Roy Brown, who was from Santa Maria, California. Bessie was married July 16, 1927, at her home in Redwood City, California, to Oscar Olson. Agnes married Frank Spurlock. Frank, Roy, Oscar and Agnes are all deceased.

Great Uncle Harry built his house in 1902 near Ware, Iowa, a mile west and first place north. Grandma and Grandpa Dexter lived with them until 1907 when their own house was built. Today, this house is still standing on a knoll on the west side of the road, which is back from the road. My brother James and his wife Ruth started their married life there and it was here four children were born. Today, it is a rental property.

The house Great Uncle Harry built in 1902 stood vacant for a number of years. It was on fire early in the morning (about 5 o'clock) when a neighbor driving by spotted the fire. The fire was of mysterious origin and despite efforts to quell the fire, it was a total loss.

Aunt Sadie (Sitska) was four years old when she came to this country.

Agnes had appendicitis when she was 11 or 12. A specialist came by train from Des Moines to Ware. He operated by kerosene lamplight on the kitchen table...it took months for her to recover. Agnes gave me this information in 1967. When my parents came to Iowa, Great Uncle Harry met them with the team and wagon at Havelock(?) Laurens(?). Ware did not exist until the Rock Island Railroad went through in 1900.

By Agnes DeYoung Spurlock

Agnes DeYoung Spurlock and husband Frank adopted two daughters, sisters, of Dutch-Scotch extraction. They were about four and five years old in 1935. Colleen Mae was born September 4, 1929 at Bakersfield, California. Colleen married Anthony Reese. Daughter Linda was born 1950 and son David born 1953. The Second adopted daughter was born August 3, 1930. She married William H. Park. A daughter Karen was born in 1949 and a daughter Mary Lou was born in 1952.

My cousin, Agnes DeYoung Spurlock, daughter of Great Uncle Harry DeYoung, gave me the following information in 1968. My great grandmother Trytnje Van der Mei Kuiken's maiden(?) name was Veensler. A sister, Ebeltzi, my great grandfather, Einte DeYoung, who was the father of my grandfather, Cless DeYoung. The Veenslers were the owners of a large farm in St. Jacob's parish in Holland. When the deek, or dike, broke they lost their farm, but Aggie does not know the exact date. Aggie's father, my Great Uncle Harry DeYoung, remembers the people saying, "That farm used to belong to the DeYoung family."

My Great Uncle Dick DeYoung

Great Uncle Dick's name in Holland was DEREK. Suppose it is similar to the name we hear today...Dirk. Uncle Dick was the third son of Great Grandpa and Great Grandma DeYoung who lived two miles southwest of Havelock. They were Einte (Edward) and Ebeltzie (Isabel) DeYoung. Uncle Dick had a very pleasing personality and was liked by all. He married Alice _____ but I never saw her nor knew her. Can barely remember Great Uncle Dick...only saw him once or twice when I was little. Great Uncle Dick was a top-notch carpenter and was very good in arithmetic. At one time, he was foreman of a carpenter shop. He also worked for Armour Packing which was very good pay...once in Chicago and then he went to Omaha. Great Uncle Dick and Great Aunt Alice had two sons and a daughter...Harry and Edward, and Belle.

Harry died at age 27 from TB caused from too many cigarettes. He was dark and very good looking, and a very fine boy. It must been very hard on Uncle Dick. Later, Ed got it too. They sent him to New Mexico and he got over it, but in W.W. I he got it back again, and they removed his lung. It always drained. He lived to be about 40. He was married and had children. He lived in California and had a good job, a good pension, was a 32nd degree Mason, and was a very smart person. Like Uncle Dick. Belle lived in Keithsburg, Illinois. She married Cassius Chafa, a livestock buyer. He was more commonly known as Cash. They lived on the banks of the Mississippi River across from Muscatine, Iowa. We stayed all night with them and they were very friendly and congenial hosts. They lived in Keithsburg and had a summer home on the banks of the river which was

gloriously cool. They were the parents of George and Alice who were about 10 and 12 years of age at the time. They are grown up now and have homes of their own. They are married and have children but have lost touch as Belle and Cash are both deceased. George lives in Dubuque, Iowa, and Alive lives in Mississippi the last I heard.

Thanks to Jessie Bockma Williams for the above information.

My Great Uncle Peter DeYoung

Great Uncle Peter DeYoung was the brother of my grandfather, Cless DeYoung. Great Uncle Peter was born July 4, 1868. His parents, (and my great grandparents) were hauling freight between England and Holland and it was during one of these trips that twins Peter and Mark were born. It can truthfully be said that they were born in Holland. Sad to say, Mark lived only six weeks; he is buried at Helgoland, an island in the North Sea. His parents never went back there again...they were Edward and Isabel DeYoung, who later lived two miles southwest of Havelock, Iowa. Great Uncle Peter died June 5, 1932, and was buried in the Springdale Cemetery at Lafayette, Indiana. This information is for Kenneth and Jill DeYoung, neighbors, who were surprised to know that their son Mark DeYoung is the second Mark DeYoung.

Great Uncle Peter married Mary Vanderkolk January 15, 1896. Mary was born March 17, 1873 and died October 4, 1935, and is also buried in the Springdale Cemetery in Lafayette. She, also, was a Hollander.

Five children were born to this union.

1. Isabel Pearl was born August 12, 1900; passed away January 6, 1919 from influenza, which was prevalent at that time and the death rate was high. She is also buried in the Springdale cemetery.

2. Rienk Herbert was born February 2, 1903; died December 2, 1933.

3. Edna Kathleen was born November 28, 1905 at Brookston, Indiana; passed away May 18, 1976 of Cancer. She spent her last days with her sister Nellie and husband Raymond Dexter.

4. Chester Richard was born at Oxford, Indiana, March 19, 1907 and passed away at Lafayette and is buried there in Rest Haven Memorial Park. He was married March 26, 1931, to Cornelia Perzee, who was born September 12, 1910 at Danforth, Illinois. They had 10 children. See elsewhere.

My Mother's Family, cont.

5. Nellie Agnes was born January 8, 1911 at Oxford, Indiana. She married Raymond Dexter September 9, 1935, who was born December 11, 1909 at Ashkum, Illinois. Raymond was a distant cousin of John Dexter who married my father's sister, Aunt Trincy Dexter Dexter. John and Trincy were no relatives. Raymond and Nellie have a daughter, Janelle Rae, who was born December 13, 1949 at Lafayette, Indiana. They also have two grandchildren.

Children of Chester and Cornelia Perzee DeYoung

1. Evelyn Marie...born March 6, 1932 - Lafayette.

2. Roberta Elaine DeYoung Peffley. Born August 1, 1952. Married February 17, 1952 to Robert Peffley. Roberta died on August 1, 1952...buried Rest Haven Memorial Park in Lafayette, Indiana.

3. Mildred Corrine DeYoung Clapp...March 17, 1937, Lafayette. Married July 2, 1955 to Wilbert Barker...divorced 1960. Their children were Frank Edward and Elizabeth Louise, twins, born November 22, 1957 in France. Mildred married Daniel Clapp September 30, 1961. Dannielle Dore born August 6, 1962 at Attica, Indiana, and Roberta Kathleen born November 22, 1965 at Los Angeles, California.

4. Gordon Paul born May 14, 1938 at Lafayette...married December 1, 1962 to Zelda Gipson...Paulette Sue born December 5, 1963, Lafayette, Teresa Ann born January 9, 1967 at Lafayette.

5. Janice Louise DeYoung Pillion born October 4, 1949 at Lafayette...married April 27, 1963 to Cecil Pillion.

6. Randall Ray DeYoung...born September 28, 1944 at Lafayette ...married April 30, 1965 to Regina Roust. Christopher Todd born December 8, 1967 at Lafayette.

7. Donna Darlene DeYoung...born March 17, 1949 at Lafayette.

8. Debra Diane born March 17, 1951 at Lafayette.

9. Chester Gordon, September 16, 1934, died at birth, Lafayette.

10. Curtis Ray, November 10, 1942, died at birth, Lafayette.

My Mother's Family, cont.

Taken from the Lafayette paper August, 1967.

Miss Janelle Dexter was named queen of the Tippecanoe County 4-H fair, Lafayette, Indiana Monday night. A single word - "Great!" - expressed the feeling of 17-year-old Janelle when she was crowned queen Monday night. Miss Janelle Dexter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dexter, received the coveted crown from Miss Reatha Long, last year's queen. The 5 foot 9½ blond beauty will represent the county at the Indiana State Fair for the remainder of the 4-H activities. Miss Dexter, who will be a senior at East Tipp High School this fall, has been active in 4-H work eight years, the last 3 as junior leader. Her ambition is to become a medical technician or a model. She currently is working as a candy striper at the hospital. A total of 11 girls participated in this year's contest.

Taken from the Lafayette paper February 26, 1968.

Miss Janelle Dexter was among the 6 scholars who was voted the "Most Valuable Student" picked from among seniors in 16 area high schools by the Lafayette Elks Lodge.

To me, she looks like the Bockma girls, Jessie, Mabel, and Edna. Tall and extremely attractive.

Information given me by Nellie DeYoung Dexter, Lafayette, Ind.

Great Aunt Agnes DeYoung was a daughter of Great Grandfather Inte (Edward) DeYoung. She married John Bockma of Indiana on New Year's eve, 1890. They farmed one mile west of Havelock, three miles north, and the first farm east on the south side of the road. Great Aunt Aggie was born November 15, 1870, and passed away at Ft. Dodge in 1959 at the age of 88. After living on the farm, they moved to Havelock, and later moved to Ft. Dodge. Great Uncle John Bockma was born April 9, 1863, and passed away March 14, 1950. They were both born in Holland...he was 87 when he died. They had three daughters. Jessie was born December, 1891. She attended Tobin Business College at Ft. Dodge and married Arch Williams of Havelock on May 10, 1937. He was a machinist. Arch passed away June 4, 1966 from a heart condition and is buried at Havelock, Iowa. Mabel was born 1892 and married John Kretzmeier from Indiana. They have three children. Dorothy married Harold Hauswirth and they are the parents of two sons, both married and with families. The youngest daughter, Edna, and Aunt Sadie attended Tobin Business College in Ft. Dodge in the early 1920s. Edna married Alvin Pieper of Ft. Dodge where they made their home. Al was a real estate salesman. They have a beautiful summer home in Canada where they spent their summers. Al and Edna had two sons. Alvin, Jr. is a

photographer in Ft. Dodge and the other son was an airport manager who looked so young that people could not believe he could possibly manage an airport. Alvin, Jr. married Rachel (?) who was a singer and belonged to several singing groups. They were the parents of twins, Randy and Roger, who were entertainers - sang at supper clubs, etc. - the last I heard they were in California. Jessie and Edna still make their homes in Ft. Dodge. Edna and Jessie are both widows. John and Mabel have both passed away. John and Mabel had three children, Dorothy, Agnes, who is married and lives in Oregon (?), and Billie, or William, who is deceased. He was 30 years old and lived at home...he had a serious illness when he was in the grades and never fully recovered. Mabel, John, and Billie are all buried at Havelock. I thought that Mabel, Jessie, and Edna were <u>just</u> beautiful. Jessie and Aunt Aggie were here one day when we threshed... have no recollection how they got here or how they got home... Jessie had a black velvet throw around her shoulders...this was the ultimate when I was about 10 years old. My girl friend and I made little black throws for our dolls...my girl friend was here the same day...afraid we didn't have any <u>velvet</u> and don't know what we used!! The girls, Mabel, Edna, and Jessie could sing and play beautifully and I remember one Sunday afternoon when they were here they sang hymns...I was perfectly enthralled and so were all the rest.

<u>Great Aunt Agnes Bockma</u>

Dorothy Kretzmeier, daughter of John and Mabel Bockma Kretzmeier, married Harold Hauswirth from Havelock. They were married about 1938. When they were first married they had cabins at the north gate of Yellowstone National Park. They sold their business and came to Havelock to make their home. Harold can do many things and is a handy man and consequently has worked at various things. There is no one quite as handy as Dorothy. I was in her home and saw all the beautiful furniture she had repaired and restored. Was impressed with a rocking chair that had belonged to her grandmother...it had had a broomstick (or part of one) in it before she restored it. She had antique furniture that she had refinished. I wondered where she found the time to do all those things and where she got all the ambition. They owned a beautiful home in the country a mile east of Havelock.

grand-
Edna Bockma Pieper's sons are excellent musicicans. One son plays bass and the other plays the guitar and cornet. They are well known over a wide area for their musical ability, and are in great demand.

We drove the plow horses on the carriage to go see Great Uncle John and Great Aunt Aggie. Transportation was so slow that we had to go in the morning for if we didn't, we would have to

turn around and go right home again. This gave us a chance to partake of one of Great Aunt Aggie's delicious dinners. The old-fashioned Dutch women were all excellent cooks...my mother always had room for one more at the table...just put on a plate ...good stable food that stuck to your ribs. I eat uptown and in ½ hour I'm hungry again. The old-time cooks were as quick as a flash...weren't there chicks to take care of and a jillion other things to do...bake a couple of pies in your spare time. Once I had an upset tummy when I was over there for Sunday dinner so evidently Jessie felt sorry for me. She told me she didn't have any colors, but thought she could try a flower instead. She squished one of her pretty flowers in the flower bed by the porch, and squished it on a piece of paper. I was so impressed that I have never forgotten that lovely summer day and often think of the time when she didn't have any colors. Colors couldn't have held a candle to it. We always had a coppee tay (cup of tea to you Americans), before we departed on our way. It was about eight or nine miles over there and I'll bet it was a mighty slow journey but it was a treat to go on the road in those days. Travel is much swifter with the modern cars of today. Isn't it fun to reminisce a little??

Washington Cemetery - Havelock, Iowa

May 31, 1983

1. Clarice DeYoung - March 24, 1901 - April 28, 1901, Daughter of Harry DeYoung - Gone home

2. Donald Dexter - November 15, 1899 - April 18, 1902 - More about Jesus I would know

3. Agnes DeYoung - 1883 - 1905, Daughter of Grandma DeYoung

4. John DeYoung - 1880 - 1910, Son of Grandma DeYoung

5. Father - November 5, 1826 - February 15, 1913, Great Grandfather Inte DeYoung

6. Christian - February 1, 1863 - June 2, 1913, Son of Great Grandfather DeYoung

7. Mother - October 3, 1831 - February 15, 1916, Great Grandmother DeYoung

8. Grandma DeYoung - 1854 - 1922

9. Chester Charles Dexter - January 27, 1902 - January 15, 1927

My Mother's Family, cont.

10. Russell DeYoung - April 21, 1937, Son of Chris DeYoung
11. Martha Dexter - September 25, 1876 - December 15, 1955
12. Agnes DeYoung Bockma - 1870 - 1959
13. William (Billie) Kretzmeier - 1926 - 1961
14. Clarence DeYoung - 1896 - 1962
15. Cless Dexter - March 15, 1867 - May 31, 1962
16. Blanche Crane DeYoung - 1892 - 1963
17. Martin Larson - 1883 - 1964
18. Chris DeYoung - 1894 - 1964
19. Sadie DeYoung Larson - 1884 - 1965
20. Tillie Wiltse DeYoung Ellwood - March 11, 1903 - September 16, 1965
21. Arch Williams - 1896 - 1966, husband of Jessie Bockma
22. Jerry DeYoung - 1890 - 1966
23. John Kretzmeier - 1890 - 1970, husband of Mabel Bockma
24. George DeYoung - 1892 - 1971
25. Harry DeYoung - November 15, 1888 - November 7, 1972
26. Nellie Cosand DeYoung - 1894 - 1976
27. Margy Plantz DeYoung - 1898 - 1976
28. Burte Jay DeYoung - 1916 - 1979
29. Mabel Bockma Kretzmeier - 1893 - 1980

My Great Uncle John DeYoung

My Great Uncle John DeYoung, the son of my great grandparents, worked for us as a hired man when I was about seven years old. After great Grandfather's death, he inherited the farm two miles southwest of Havelock. He owned a Hudson car, a run-about, as it was called. It was an "open" car, which means that it had side-curtains in case of rain or during inclement weather. It had only one seat, and was a luxury car in it's day. We were at Grandma DeYoung's one fine summer day and he was also there. He decided to take some of us for a ride, so Uncle Clarence, Aunt Sadie, and Great Uncle John sat in the seat, and I sat on a ledge behind the seat...just a place for a seven-year-old child to sit. Car rides were few and far between so I was very thrilled to go, to say the least. We set out for Fonda, which was out of my world as I had it in my head that it was to the northeast when it really was southwest! I remember nothing about the ride, but when we got there Uncle Clarence bought each one of us a candy bar, the first one I ever had. I will never forget that candy bar! It was flat, oblong shape, and made of peanuts all stuck together. Think once in a while I see them today and often think of the candy bar at Fonda. Have never forgotten that trip to Fonda, nor that candy bar which must have been at least 68 years ago, as today I am 75 in 1983. John lived with his father and mother and after they passed away, he met Bess Robertson while he was visiting his brother Dick in Omaha. They married rather late in life, moved to Council Bluffs, where they spent the rest of their days.

This information came from a brother of Bess who was writing the family history.

JOHN DEYOUNG -

Born 1876...passed away August 19, 1952. Married Bess Robertson about 1917. She was from Omaha. Bess was born 1880 and passed away March 6, 1943. Both are buried in Fairview Cemetery, Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the lot of David Wooley.

Jurjen Pothuisje

Jurjen Pothuisje was my Grandmother DeYoung's brother. He came from Holland. His name was Americanized to JERRY. He was born April 5, 1843, and died October 5, 1893; he is buried at Goodland, Indiana. His occupation was a farmer. He married Sijbriggie Boonstra, who was born in Holland April 19, 1943. Her Americanized name was SADIE. She died August 12, 1925, at Goodland, Indiana, and is buried in the Goodland Cemetery. He was the father of three children: Peter, John Julius, and August.

My Mother's Family, cont.

Grandmother DeYoung's family consisted of the following brothers and sister: Jurjen, born 1843, Trincy, who was my grandmother, born 1854, Peter, born 1865, John, born 1868, and Augustus, born 1870. Just like today - all boys in the family!

1. Peter, born 1865, was a doctor...and a good one may I add. He married Renette Tabor. They had two daughters and eventually moved to Colorado. Not much is known about them. Born on way over from Holland.

2. John Julius - 1868 - 1951. He married Harriet May Robinson at Goodland, Indiana, February 22, 1896. Harried was born August 6, 1873, and died October 27, 1962, at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Lafayette, Indiana. Buried in Goodland, Indiana. They were the parents of the following children, all born at Goodland: Caroline, May 3, 1893, Julius Walter, July 17, 1900 - September 10, 1903. Buried at Goodland. Carl S., January 19, 1907, Arthur Robinson, April 11, 1912.

3. Caroline May, born May 3, 1898. Married May 20, 1916 to Ivan Edgar Nutt. They were parents of John Edgar, November 9, 1919, who married Dorothy Kennington, who was born January 23, 1922. Caroline and Edgar had the following children: John Ivan Nutt, September 25, 1945; Michael Dennis, July 3, 1948; Sally Ann, September 13, 1952; Steven Eugene, June 4, 1955; and Tim Kenneth, March 22, 1960.

4. Thelma, infant born and died November 18, 1920.

5. Infant, born and died February 4, 1922.

6. Luella Margaret, August 21, 1927. Married Robert Leo Worland April 18, 1947. Luella and Leo had the following children: Terry Steven, February 19, 1948; Robert Allen, June 20, 1950; James Kenneth, October 14, 1950; David Lee, May 22, 1955; Susan Lynn, January 22, 1958; and Margaret Ann, October 22, 1959.

7. Patricia Carol, born August 24, 1940. Married James E. Deno April 28, 1962. Patricia and James had the following children: Raymond Matthew, February 6, 1963, and Cathryn, October 26, 1964.

8. John Clay, born May 4, 1905. Married Dorothy Elizabeth Schlotman, who was born May 20, 1908, on August 22, 1928. Clay and Dorothy had the following children: James Clay, born April 29, 1929. Married November 19, 1959 to Clemma Eloise Cherry. They had Janice Cherry, born August 12, 1951 and Gary Eugene, April 10, 1955.

My Mother's Family, cont.

9. Carl S., born January 19, 1907. Married Mary Sloan, who was born 1907 and died June 19, 1944, on March 26, 1930. Carl and Mary had the following children: John Wayne, August 31, 1939. Married November 23, 1962 to Darryl Ann McQuern and they had the following children: Luann Rene, born February 5, 1965, and Harriette Mae, born March 8, 1941. She married Clyde Johnson, Jr. on June 28, 1959. Harriette and Clyde had the following children: Lonnie James, December 29, 1959; Carrie Mae, January 12, 1969; Connie Eilene, October 19, 1962; and Edward, June 16, 1964.

   Carl Married June 28, 1947 to Joyce Tobias, born December 19, 1908.

10. Arthur Robinson, born April 11, 1912, married Helen Schlotman October 28, 1933. Helen was born July 4, 1913. Arthur and Helen had the following children: Charlene Kay, June 11, 1934. Charlene was married September 15, 1952 to Ad Allen Crable. Charlene and Ad had the following children: Ad Allen III, April 13, 1953; Wesley Trent, September 15, 1955; Brett Arthur, May 21, 1963. Kent was born May 1, 1928. Married Sharon Marie Burchett on February 28, 1959. Kent and Sharon were parents of the following: Kevin Arthur, September 22, 1959; Case Robert, July 27, 1963; Kile Elizabeth, May 26, 1965. Sharon Lee, June 23, 1945. Married George A. Sulay, born November 4, 1944. Sharon and George had Shelly Rene, August 10, 1963. Jon Craig, September 8, 1946.

Thanks to Dorothy (Mrs. Clay) Pothuisje for supplying me with the information about the Pothuisje family. Would not have known anything about the family if it were not for her.

The Pothuisje Family

Aunt Dora DeYoung Coons gave me this information July 19, 1967. The Pothuisje family are strangers to me so it is difficult to write about them.

My Grandma DeYoung (Trincy Pothuisje DeYoung) had a sister who lived in and near Goodland, Indiana. She had a sister, Clara Pothuisje Pluimer(?) Plummer(?) who had two sons, John and Peter and a daughter, Mary. John married Dora Bockma (who was a sister of Great Uncle John Bockma, althought I never knew her). My Great Aunt Aggie Bockma was a daughter of Great Grandfather Edward and Great Grandmother Ebeltzie Van der Mei DeYoung, and married Great Uncle John Bockma. Dora and John Pluimer(?) Plummer(?) had no children. Peter Pothuisje married Anna Florideide(?) Florich(?) and had several children, but Aunt Dora DeYoung Coons does not remember their names. The daughter, Mary Pothuisje, married Everatt Allen...they had children and one of

the children was named Sam. Sam married, lives in Goodland, Indiana, and Mabel Bockma Kretzmeier thinks they had a daughter named Bethel.

This is confusing!!! Grandma DeYoung had a brother, Jerry, who had two sons, John and Peter; Peter was an excellent M.D. and married Rennett Tabor from Remington, Indiana. They had two daughters and moved to Denver, Colorado. John farmed and had three sons and a daughter.

Mabel Bockma Kretzmeier also gave me information about the Pothuisje family. Thanks to her.

Now I must tell you about a trip we took in August, 1921. Grandma wished to go to Indiana to see her two daughters - Aunt Clara Lowe lived in Brook and Aunt Dora Dutcher lived on a farm near Williamsport. The doctor gave Grandmother (who was 66) permission to go provided the driver would go no faster than 25 m.p.h. My Uncle Clarence had a Dodge touring car, so he decided to take us. Aunt Sadie was going and she suggested that I go along, also, as I had a couple of cousins in Indiana who were about my age, 13. It had been raining when we were ready to start for the trip, so delayed starting until afternoon, as the roads were likely to be muddy. Going at this rate of speed we had plenty of time to admire the scenery. I think none of us had ever been on a car trip before so it was a real treat for all of us. The Lincoln Highway was under construction with the road signs on telephone poles, provided there were any signs at all. The first night we got as far as Boone. There were no road maps to point the way, and few road signs...we simply stopped along the way (even if it was at farm houses) and inquired how to get to the next town. Many a time we plowed through mud as there were many detours. I do not remember that there were any gasoline stations along the way, nor was there help of any kind should we have needed it...if there were any flat tires, it meant a stop along the road, get out a repair kit which was kept on the runningboard, scrape the tire with an abrasive, glue on a patch, get out the tire pump and pump up the tire by hand. Uncle Clarence was very good-natured and seldom said a word during the whole process. Cars were a rarity at that time...it took us about three days to get there and three days to get home. I remember that we arrived home on a Saturday afternoon and school started on Monday when I entered the 10th grade. While we were gone, Aunt Nellie and Uncle George welcomed the arrival of their first baby, Hazel Lois. We had to go to Laurens to see the new baby as she was born in a hospital (of sorts) run by a very capable lady, Mrs. Taylor, a sister of Fred Hawley. The hospital was located in a residence in the northeast part of town. When I was in the third grade my brother, Chester, had typhoid fever, and we engaged Mrs. Taylor to care for him. We missed a lot of school that

fall as typhoid was infectious(?) contagious(?). Typhoid was a dreaded disease and many deaths occurred. Let me go back to the main story. Many of the cars we met had banners on them which said "From coast to coast" or "From Canada to the Gulf." There were no rest stations along the way that I can remember and we had to find our own facilities, for the most part. Don't laugh, as it was a far cry from today...boys and girls today would hoot and laugh...but there were isolated places that were used with appreciation, such as trees or bushes along the roadside. There were no MacDonalds, nor Wendys, nor any fast eateries. The only place to eat was at a cafe and the only place to stay at night was a hotel or a private home. My Aunt Sadie and I walked across the Mississippi River while Grandma and Uncle Clarence drove across in the Dodge. We had a time trying to find the bridge at Clinton, so my uncle inquired from some little boys who were playing along the sidewalk. And thus we crossed the river. We went through Boone, Ames, Marshalltown, and Cedar Rapids. In Illinois, we went through Morrison, Sterling, Dixon, Rochelle, DeKalb, Wheaton, Joliet, Chicago Heights, and it was only a step farther to Brook, Indiana. Believe it or not, there were hitchhikers in 1921. A man from Pocatello, Idaho, wanted a ride. We met him by chance in the evening in a city somewhere along the way. In the morning, we picked him up and he rode for a day...we decided it was too crowded in the back seat...after all, it was a five-passenger car with no trunk so the baggage had to be carried in the car...enough for four people...so my uncle said we could take him no farther. Everyone needed a winter coat as it was nearly September first and it got chilly in the touring car in the evening, even in summer, with no protection from the wind. Luckily, we had no rain along the way so we had no use for the side curtains that were always a must to be carried at all times. We arrived at Brook in the afternoon. My cousin and I got acquainted all over again (she had visited in Iowa when I was 10), and there was Harold, who was eight and Bruce, who was seven. Harold drove their car to take us to Goodland to see my Great Aunt Sadie Pothuisje, which was about six or eight miles, as I remember. There were no restrictions of any kind...no drivers' licenses, no road signs, and no age limit. Uncle Lee had a garage in Brook and was a very fine mechanic. Next, our entourage left Brook and drove to Williamsport to see Uncle Avis, Aunt Dora, and Dorothy, who was born in June. The family also included Lola, Thelma, and Harold, who were the children of Avis, as his first wife had died during the flu in 1918. The family lived on a farm so I felt much more at home than I did in town. Baby Dorothy Dutcher was only two months old. Grandma lived only a few months after that so it was wonderful that she made the trip. When we left Aunt Dora's, we headed for home and made the trip without incident. Life must have been hard for Aunt Dora as she had a new baby to care for, three other children, and two hired men with no modern conveniences. I don't think we could cope today.

Cornhusking

The corn husker got up at 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning and ate a substantial breakfast...probably a dozen or more pancakes and drank innumerable cups of coffee...or maybe there was a dish of oatmeal for good measure, or some other goodie the man liked or preferred. After this, the day started, both for the farmer and for the housewife. The horses had to be harnessed, which could be done in the dark as there was usually only one kerosene lantern. The horses had to be fed before the farmer could eat his own breakfast. The horses were hitched to the wagon which had what was known as bangboards. These were several boards on the right side of the wagon that were used to put on the left side as the wagon became level with corn. Thus the corn could not roll from the wagon. Often the wagon was so full of corn that it practically groaned as it was driven into the farmyard. The horses were hitched to the power...when the horses went around and around, the wagon was slowly elevated a bit at a time, and thus the corn entered the elevator and the elevator dumped the corn in the crib. Much better than having to scoop the corn into the crib which was done before there were elevators. I can guarantee you there was no insomnia. Mother helped Dad husk corn when I was too small to go to school. I played in the dirt in the corn row...my mother fashioned a "spoon" out of a cornstalk and I amused myself digging with this "spoon" until I became sleepy. Coats and jackets lay in the wagon... just the thing for a nap. The smell of newly husked corn assailed my nostrils...a sickening smell I can remember to this day...but it did not take long before I was in dreamland. In a school like Ware where most of the boys came from farms, there was always two weeks of corn husking vacation. If there were no vacation, the boys would stay at home anyway...it was imperative that the corn was garnered in while the weather was fair. Weather could make or break...a bad season could ruin a farmer as he depended upon his crop to carry him through the next year. Sometimes we had rain nearly every day during vacation so it was doubly hard that season. When I was in the eighth grade, Dad liked to have me help him husk in the afternoon...of course, I only went on nice afternoons. We took a Jonathon apple to the field with us which we ate mid-afternoon...it was so juicy and I think a Jonathon apple is my favorite today. Dad probably had some coffee and a snack along, but I can't remember. I was about three when I would walk to Bep's (as we called her in Dutch...to you it was Grandma Dexter) and walked home at the end of the afternoon when Mother was helping Dad husk corn. Of course someone walked with me but can't remember who it was. At night, I awoke because spiders were crawling on my legs. To this day I remember how they felt and have never forgotton, but of course I realize that it was my imagination...but they were real at the time. Mother would put me in bed between her and Dad and I never felt another spider all night. I can still feel them today which I know is far-fetched. Mother, years later, told me she thought it was too far for me to walk to Grandma's ...it was more than ½ mile one way.

Farming Today

Farming is so different today than it was a few years ago. Farming is done on a large scale...there are few family farms as we knew them before. Each farm was a complete unit by itself. There were cows to be milked, hogs and cattle to be butchered, chickens to be sold or eaten, huge gardens that were canned, and there was enough canned goods to last all year, orchards, hay to be mowed and fed to the livestock in winter. Straw from the oats was used for feed and bedding. Eggs the year around. Few things were bought at the store...coffee, tea, and flour, maybe a banana, etc. but mostly it included the staples...maybe a piece of cheese. Bread, cake, and cookies were baked at home.

Today there are no, or very few, work horses in the country. Monstrous tractors go passing by on the road...there is machinery which passes by that I don't know what it is or for what it is used. Fields are sprayed by an airplane, which is a big advantage when the ground is too wet to get into the field with a tractor. It can be sprayed in a few minutes and the cost is not prohibitive. Common weeds are nightshade, foxtail, smart weed, sunflower and velvet leaf. Commercial fertilizer is generally spread by the firm that sells it as he has the proper equipment to spread it. I thought fertilizer came out of the barn. All is so much different than from when my father broke the prairie with a plow and a team of horses. There is no need for the plow horse today, that beautiful, noble animal, really a member of the family, who was the backbone of farming. Such is the way of progress.

May 19, 1944 was a fateful day. A day that I will always remember, a day that will never be forgotten, even though it happened nearly 40 years ago. Often we reminisce and our memories are as vivid as that day in May. Mother had been in a wheelchair since she'd had her first stroke in early September the fall before. She was under the care of a practical nurse. Our family consisted of my father and mother, brother Roy, and myself, and also the nurse. I had been cleaning house and had just finished cleaning a room upstairs. As I finished putting up three pairs of clean curtains, I looked behind me as I came downstairs, as that was not something one did every day. Downstairs, Mother and I were having a cup of coffee at the kitchen table. She glanced out the window and remarked that didn't it look stormy in the southwest. Looking up, I saw what looked like a tornado funnel but could not be sure as the neighbor's trees hid the lower part. I went into the dining room, and not saying a word I punched my brother in the arm and pointed out the window. Without putting on his cap he went down to the end of the lane to get a better view. I detected that he was concerned. He came back on the run, which was a foreboding omen.

My Mother's Family, cont.

(It had been a showery, muggy day so it was impossible for any field work to be done; my dad had strolled over to the neighbors across the hog lot and my brother had come and gone all day long as there was nothing he could do because of the weather.) Have often wondered, later, what I would have done had I been home alone. My bones turned into water as he rushed into the house, grabbed Mother's wheel chair and started for the door. Mother wondered why all the excitement. He said it looked rather stormy and to be safe we had better go to the cave. As we got to the cave door, he said, breathlessly, "Grab hold of her!" We carried Mother bodily into the cave, down the steep cement steps. She had not walked since she'd had her stroke. The cave was so full of potatoes that there was hardly room for anything more. Boards had been nailed horizontally across the front of the cave so the potatoes would not roll onto the steps. She sat on the pile of potatoes with her legs dangling down, the way a person sits on a chair. I dashed into the house to get shawls, coats, wollen afghans, etc. so Mother would be snug and warm...she had not been outside of the house all winter and here we had hustled her, unceremoniously, into a chilly, damp cave. I was more afraid of her getting pneumonia than I was afraid of the tornado...this was before penicillin. Soon Dad came home post haste from the neighbor's house. The tornado was slow in arriving. I went back into the house and turned out the flame of the kerosene refrigerator, got more warm clothing, and carried our little white rat dog into the cave. Also, I had a hatchet by the door for just such emergencies and also reached for the kerosene lantern that hung in the cellarway. Remember, this was in W.W. II and there were no weather reports. The little dog and I got in the back of the cave as far as possible, and there were so many poratoes, we touched the roof. My father and brother stood in the doorway at the bottom of the steps. This goes to show that the cave was really filled to capacity. It was very dark in the cave when we closed the door at the top, so I was proud of myself to think I had foresight to think about the hatchet and the lantern. After being in the cave a while, we felt that the danger was past, and that we might as well go back into the house ...it had started to rain. (We found it was an old wives' tale that as soon as it starts to rain the danger of a tornado is past.) We opened the doors and threw out the lantern and the hatchet...a very dull one, as we discovered later. "We need more room," I said. Dad never did forgave for this, as we found out later that we wished very much that we'd had both. Just then a few hailstones fell (this is often the forerunner of a tornado)...Roy said we had better wait a bit. Now the demon descended with all its fury...how wise to heed Roy's word. It was as dark as night in the cave with no lantern. Our ears felt as they do when one is high up in the mountains ...there is a pressure connected with a tornado...a vacuum. No one said a word. The first thing we heard was a loud crash on the door. What was it? No way to determine. Still no one

spoke a word. Each was busy with his own thoughts. After waiting what seemed like eons, the cave became lighter. The storm must have passed. But the cave door wouldn't open...Roy and Dad tried, with their combined forces. No go. Then they tried to take the hinges off, combined with a lot of muttering, with a pair of pliers. The hinges were rusty and there was no light to see by. The hatchet and the lantern lay outside in the rain, and they were as useless as if they'd been in Eurasia. Helpless, all we could do was wait. Somebody would come, some neighbor, as all knew the precarious state of Mother's health, which is the beauty of living in the rural area. Everyone comes to the fore when there is an emergency and everyone will help, drop what he is doing and come right away. We waited, and waited some more. Footsteps approached up the sidewalk. "Anybody home?" It was the most welcome voice we had ever heard. "Yes," we chorused in unison. It was our neighbor's son, a young man home on vacation as he worked for Packard in Illinois. "There's an axe behind you," I shouted. A large soft maple tree that stood by the door was the crash that we had heard earlier. Poor Harlan had a hard time chopping the tree with a dull axe, and I mean DULL! Besides, it was raining steadily. At last we emerged. Cannot remember a thing how we got Mother into the house as quickly as possible. What devastation met the eye. The buildings had disappeared entirely or else the roofs had blown off. The garage was hanging by a thread but the car inside did not have a scratch. We never found the hen house, nor the brooder house, which luckily did not have any chicks in it. The few hens that were left wandered about in a daze. The horses that were in the lot were full of slivers and the ones in the barn stood in the rain. There was no roof...the floor of the haymow was the roof. The fences were down so the livestock was wandering about at random. Aunt Marguerite's trunk in the crib was broken open and her posessions soaked. The windmill and the Wincharger tower were devastated. The wash house was dumped over backwards. All my dolls, that we had sacked up and hung in the wash house where they were safe and dry, did not survive. They had been in the house in the storeroom and we were so tired of cleaning around them every year so they had been banished to the wash house. The shade trees were ruined...big old soft maples. The washing machine was bent and the enamel was marred but it was still in a workable condition. Trees that lined both sides of the lane were down, which had to be hauled aside before help could come up the lane. The woven wire fence around the lawn was down and bent so we threw it away. Many came to help and others came to sightsee. The town of Laurens closed their doors the next day (Saturday) as there was so much damage done to the surrounding farms that they felt as if they should loan their assistance. Out of curiosity, people wandered idly around the place as if they were at a celebration. A Stetson hat that belonged to a neighbor was found in a pool of water ½ mile northeast from home...upside down and unhurt. (This neighbor lived west of us.)

A neighbor ½ mile southeast found his stock tank in our grove, straws were driven into the trees, dead birds and wild animals lay about the place. The men brought some new-born skunks to the house...we put them with a cat but she wouldn't have a thing to do with them. I suppose the little creatures starved. The electric clock had stopped at 5:30 and it was 7:00 when we stepped back into the house. We set up a 32-volt motor yet that same evening so we had lights again, but the people who were on the highline had to wait several days before the current was restored. Several people outran the storm in their cars...our neighbors made a hurried get-away, and the dog, who had never ridden in a car jumped into the car beside them. Can these animals sense danger? Evidently. The tornado hit on Friday evening when the Ware school was planning to have Commencement, but with so much excitement in the community, it was postponed until Sunday afternoon. Jim and Ruth and three children outran the approaching storm but they came home before the storm hit. This happened to a number of people...they came home before the storm hit. Jim and Ruth could not get to the cave so they weathered out the storm in the cellar under the house. They suffered no damage. Because we were disaster victims, we were allowed enough wood to make a picket fence...we were also allowed a laundry stove for the wash house. The house had damage but we could cook and get into dry beds that night. So many people lost the windows in the house and had the rugs soaked. Our near neighbors lost every window in the house; a kerosene stove in the porch lost all the grids on the burners. I'd had a metal screen with slits in it that we'd had in the window so we could have a little fresh air in Mother's room and I think that was what saved our windows. They say to leave a window open on the leeward side to equalize the pressure. We lost a pane in the kitchen and one in both porches. However, we lost both big windows in the dining room...they were on the southwest...maybe that was what equalized the pressure. Curtains and venetian blinds in the dining room hung outside the windows...tattered and torn. You should have seen the freshly laundered curtains that had been hung shortly before - they were a disaster. Closed windows had puddles of muddy water forced in...the puddles lay on the floor. The curtains seemed to have the muddy water imbedded in the fabric...they were impossible to get clean. Dad and Roy did not get the soybeans planted until the last of June...the field was so full of rubble that they had to clear the rubble before crops of any kind could be planted. We had a late fall so the beans did pretty well in spite of being planted late. The tornado left many scars that took years to heal. The next spring new shade trees were set out...I think I missed the shade most of all...all the shade we had was the shade of the house. German prisoners from Algona, Iowa, came in a bus, with a guard, who lay his rifle beside himself - he had no fear of the prisoners trying to escape. They were mere lads...I hoped our boys in Germany were getting the same kind of care. A crew of men from the lumber yard came out on "flat bed" trucks every morning until in the fall when

the weather began to get chilly...the buildings had to be in good repair before winter set in. On hot days, our little dog lay on the kitchen floor and when a gust of wind came in through the window, he stopped panting and listened intently...it must have been the aftermath of the tornado. The porches were nearly yanked off the house...the open porch on the east lost all the pillars that held up the roof. The front porch was nearly pulled off the house, and the back porch needed a lot of repair. Ironically, all the potatoes in the cave rotted...we gave them to a neighbor for hauling them away...they had a number of hogs and the hogs loved them. Some varmint was getting our chickens at night (with no hen house they roosted in the trees) so we had to sell what few chickens were left. Our neighbor found dirt in the cream when they came home from outrunning the tornado... they theorized the storm must have opened and closed the door of the refrigerator. Also, when they came home, the door was locked. There was no key to the door and they had lived there since 1927 and never locked the door! Now I've written it all in black and white as I know(?) you were all anxious to know what happened 40 years ago.

The following incident strikes me as hilariously funny, and goes to show that life on the farm was vastly different from today. This happened in June, 1929, which was the year Bible School originated. Our Methodist minister was a student at Sioux City who was studying for the ministry. Since this was the first year of Bible School, he had a school teacher from Humboldt, Iowa, help to get things off to a good start, as this was an entirely new project to the community as well as to the volunteer teachers. All the community was very much in favor of Bible School, yet no one wanted to board and room the school teacher. My mother "took the bull by the horns" in order to make a go of things, and said she would provide room and board for the school teacher, and as she was feeding the teacher she might as well feed the preacher at the same time. He had a boarding place in Ware but no place to eat. (Bible School was to last two weeks with sessions from 9:00 in the morning until 11:30.) You guessed it! I was roped into teaching Bible School and Mother would cook the dinner. There were five in our family plus a hired man, two men from Laurens were painting the house who also were taking dinner with us, and the preacher and the school teacher. (Going to town for dinner was unheard of in those days.) Ten people were crowded around the kitchen table which accomodated six. Just as we were starting to eat, my uncle who ran a county road maintainer, happened to be going past on his machine, shut off the machine and thought to himself he'd just have dinner with Matt, which was my mother's nickname. Mother, who had a generous heart and was equal to any occasion, set on another plate...this made 11. We were all munching away, contentedly, but who should appear at the door but the Watkins man. As he stepped over the threshhold, he was flabbergasted at the crowd he saw at the table. He said to Dad,

"Is all this your family?" He couldn't believe his eyes. Have often smiled to myself as my mind goes back more than 50 years ago. We fell in love with the school teacher, who fit right in with the family and as it was strawberry season, she helped pick strawberries, helped with the weekly wash, and with other mundane tasks. It was with reluctance we saw her leave.

If anyone feels sorry for himself, my suggestion is to read two paperbacks put out by Capper's Weekly, which are entitled My Folks Claimed the Plains and My Folks Came in a Covered Wagon. The pioneers came in a covered wagon and made the country what it is today...they endured (among other things) locusts, buffalo stampedes, floods, droughts, prairie fires, and Indians who plundered and killed. If the mail is a couple of days late, read Ralph Moody's The Story of the Pony Express. You'll feel better right away. Easy reading for children as well as adults, and interesting.

James Grant Dexter was the first baby, and only baby, that was born after the house had a new piece added. He attended school at Ware and graduated from high school in 1931. He married a schoolmate and neighbor, Ruth Trimble, February 21, 1933. He helped his father farm the first year. They made their home with us while we painted, papered, changed doors and windows, etc. in Grandpa's house where they planned to live. Basically the house was the same as when Grandma and Grandpa Dexter moved to California in 1913. The place had been a rental property until now. Jim and Ruth moved into their own home in May and the house looked fresh and clean and inviting. Their new furniture was a cookstove and a bedroom suite. Their other furniture was hand-me-downs, and when given a coat of paint, looked clean and inviting. We must remember there was no money as it was still the time of the Great Depression; the banks were closed or going broke and farmers were losing their farms. Cattle were so low in price that the sale of the cow and calf was not worth what the cow cost in the first place. The younger generation laughs when a person tells them how we survived during the depression. Farmers were desperate and hostile with blood in their eyes. In the vicinity a farmer was being sold out. Neighboring farmers had a rope around the judge's neck and they meant business - they were going to hang the judge. The judge was pale as he knew the farmers were serious. This caused quite a flap in the newspapers...but authorities interceded in time to stop the hanging. Jim and Ruth had no money for a washing machine and so did their washing over here, and it was a big day, quite a bit later, that they felt they could afford a radio. Grandma Dexter's old cupboard had been painted...white on the outside and pink on the inside, and it looked remarkably attractive. It had been in our storeroom used as a linen closet. Today, it is back in our storeroom used as a linen closet. There was no electricity and no bathroom; kerosene lamps and a kerosene

lantern provided the light. It was here that Carol Joanne was born August 8, 1933, and we were dippier about her than her parents. She was the first of four children born on Grandpa's place. When she was a little more than one year old, Roy had a flat tire at their place. He lay the burs on the ground while replacing the tire. No burs. He asked her where the burs were as she had been playing close by. She answered, disarmingly, I fed them to the chickies. Roy had difficulty repressing a smile. But the problem was solved without difficulty when he found the burs close by. Mary Martha was born December 3, 1939, and James Cless was born January 15, 1941. Linda Diane was born March 5, 1945 at the hospital in Storm Lake...this was during W.W. II when there was a shortage of nurses. Jim found a used 32-volt light plant in 1938 which he installed himself so now they had electric lights and power to run a washing machine. He said he imagined he smelled smoke in the dead of night for a long time afterwards! In 1946, Jim and Ruth bought a farm 4½ miles northwest of Havelock...160 acres. He really needed more land as he had been doing custom combining (oats) for others to fill in the gap. Soybeans had not come into their own at that time. Today, very little oats are in demand. The farm came up for sale all of sudden, and upon investigation proved to be a good buy. It was good land (160 acres) and besides there was a modern two-story house of eight rooms with a full basement and a full attic, complete with bathroom. Time never stands still and things are ever changing, so it was with sad hearts we saw them leave for their new home. It was 11 miles from here as there was a dirt road inbetween, which meant we had to go out of our way back and forth. Fomerly, we had lived only ½ mile apart. They moved in 1947 and this is where Ruth Elaine, the youngest member of the family, was born December 23, 1947. They had expected to stay on Grandpa's farm, which was 100 acres, and make it their home...they had set out an orchard and planted a grove of evergreens. All the children graduated from the Havelock school.

Carol Dexter, daughter of Jim and Ruth Dexter, married Don McCartan of Havelock in the Catholic Church at Pocahontas on June 18, 1955. They make their home in Fonda, Iowa, where Don ran a Standard Oil Service Station on the north edge of town on the highway where he had a good business. The station was sold recently...Don wanted to buy it but he did not have a chance...they would not sell it to him. Don was a good man for the company, is a prince of a fellow and honest as the day is long. No one, to this day, knows what the motive was. He has since gone into the insurance business.

1. Jean Marie was born April 22, 1956. She married Rick Behanish and has two children, Erin Elizabeth, December 27, 1978, and Shane Michael born Thanksgiving Day, 1982. They live in Des Moines, Iowa.

My Mother's Family, cont.

2. Julie was born December 31, 1958, and went to school in Omaha to become a teacher. She is a teacher there. She married Norm Wiemers April 23, 1983, and they make their home in Omaha. He goes to school and does construction work and she teaches.

3. Mary Jo was born March 15, 1960, and is a registered nurse. They make their home in Omaha. She was married September 25, 1982, to Keith Duane Sandy.

4. Janet was born August 26, 1963, and is still at home.

5. James was born April 24, 1967.

6. John was born June 15, 1969.

7. Joel was born June 22, 1970.

8. Joan was born November 24, 1971.

Here is a human interest story that I hope you will enjoy. When Ruth Elaine was to marry John Starks November 23, 1974, the ceremony was to be in the Methodist Church in Brooklyn center, Minnesota. This is where Ruth had been teaching. She wanted John McCartan to be ring bearer. The McCartan family is a very closely knit family and John did not want to go to Brooklyn Center a day early, alone, or he thought he would have to go alone, to the rehearsal. It worried him so much that he thought of a plan. What did he do but cut his own hair! It was very jagged but the barber was able to fix it so it was presentable. He went to the rehearsal accompanied by one of his older sisters. Aren't kids precious?

Mary Dexter, daughter of James and Ruth Dexter, graduated from the Havelock Consolidated School. On November 17, 1957, she married Walter J. Phillips at the Havelock Methodist Church. Walter went to Germany that winter with the 4th Armored Division, and Mary followed after he found living quarters. Being only eighteen, this was quite an experience for Mary. But, she met other wives on the ship, the S. S. United States, who were going to join their husbands also. Walt and Mary lived two years in German apartments and grew to love this land and her people. While in Europe, Walt and Mary visited the little village along the North Sea where Dad (Cless Dexter) was baptised. The woman preacher there was friendly and helped them find the old church records. The church was near Leewarden. (Mary gave me a picture of the church.)

1. Scott was born at the Army hospital at Nurnberg, Germany on September 3, 1959, so was five months old when it was time for them to return to the United States. Mary and Scott flew home ahead of Walt, who came on the Army ship. Walt began farming east of Pocahontas the spring of 1960. Scott graduated from Iowa State in Ag Business in 1982 and was married August 14, 1982, to Michelle (Shelly) Torkelson, daughter of Arnold and Mildred Torkelson of Gilmore City. Their wedding was held at Zion Lutheran Church in Humboldt. Scott is a farmer and Shelly is a roving court reporter, working thirteen counties.

2. Cynthia Ann (Cindy) arrived March 13, 1962, in the wake of a typical March blizzard. She also graduated from Iowa State in 1984 with a Home Economics major. She was a member of Omicron Nu Honor Society and Phi Epsilon Omicron.

3. Mark, born May 5, 1965, attended Iowa Lakes Community College at Emmetsburg, taking a two year farm mechanics course, which will be finished in February, 1985.

Mary and Walt have enjoyed acting as Tour Hosts for Rural Route Tours. They took a group to Hawaii in 1983 and to Europe in 1984.

Jimmy Dexter (James Cless), son of Jim and Ruth, graduated from the Havelock-Plover school in 1959. He attended barber college in Sioux City, Iowa, and was a barber in Ames and Des Moines before serving two years in the U. S. Army. He was married at Pomeroy in the Lutheran Church to Jean Anderson on April 4, 1965.

1. A daughter, Shelly was born November 10, 1967, while they were living in Pocahontas. Later, they moved to Grandpa Dexter's farm near Ware. Jean worked in the bank at Pocahontas "in the back" as she and another girl had to balance the books at the end of the day after the bank closed for the afternoon.

2. A daughter, Brenda, was born May 13, 1971, while they were living on Grandpa's place. After barbering for twelve years, Jim applied for a job with the U. S. Postal Service and they moved to Des Moines in March of 1973 where he became a mailman.

3. Jody was born September 29, 1975, while they were living in Des Moines.

In February of 1980 Jim transferred to Fort Dodge where he continued to carry mail. After school was out in June, the family joined him when they moved into a new house North of Fort Dodge. Shelly is in the 10th grade, 1983-1984, and is on the honor roll. In June of 1984 Jim was appointed Postmaster at Latimer, Iowa.

Linda, daugher of Jim and Ruth Dexter, graduated from the Havelock-Plover school. She married Paul Abrahamson from Havelock on August 22, 1964, in the Havelock Methodist Church. Paul worked as a cable splicer for Alpha Construction Company, who put in the new phone system in Havelock. Then they moved to Kentucky, their first home.

1. Next they went to Kansas where Trincy was born at Council Grove on June 11, 1965. Linda wanted to keep the Dutch names going...something I had never thought of. After moving to Henderson, Texas, and Rich Hill, Missouri, Paul was hired by Northwestern Bell Telephone Company in November, 1965, and transferred to Cherokee.

2. Tricia was born on November 7, 1968.

3. Trent was born there on January 8, 1972.

In April of 1972 the family moved to rural Spencer where they live on an acreage about six miles northeast of Spencer. This is a beautiful place with a number of old trees. From time to time they have done remodeling on the house as parts of the house were in poor condition.

4. Travis was born October 31, 1975.

Trincy graduated from the Spencer school in 1983 and will attend school at Hawkeye Institute of Technology in Waterloo where she will become a dental hygienist.

Ruth, daughter of Jim and Ruth Dexter, graduated from Havelock-Plover High School in 1966. She attended Iowa State University for four years and graduated in Home Economics Education in 1970. She became a Home Ec teacher in St. Francis Community School, north of the Twin Cities in Minnesota. She married John Starks in the Methodist Church at Brooklyn Center, Minnesota, November 23, 1974. John was employed at Durkee-Atwood for fifteen years until they closed.

1. A son, James Glenn, was born September 17, 1981.

2. A daughter, Jennifer Ruth, was born December 28, 1983.

Ruth and John have their own home in Maple Grove, Minnesota.

Don and Carol (Dexter) McCartan will be married 31 years June 18, 1986. They have three children left in school. Joan - 8th grade Our Lady of Good Counsel; Joel - 9th grade Fonda Community School; and John - 10th grade Fonda Community School. James is a freshman at University of Northern Iowa, Cedar Falls. Janet manages the Ankeny Country Club, Ankeny, Iowa.

Mary Jo and Keith Sandy live in Omaha. She is a registered nurse at Bergen Mercy, working in the post critical care unit. Keith is a computer operator.

Julie and Norm Wiemers added Abby Wiemers to the family, born at Bergen Hospital, May 13, 1985, after Julie had a bout with an appendectomy in February of the same year. Norm is a computer repair man. They live in Omaha. Julie is a grade school teacher at Millard school.

Jean and Rick Behanish have Erin and Shane and live at Urbandale, Iowa. Erin was born December 27, 1978, and is in school at Rolling Green, Urbandale. Shane will be 3 in November; his birthdate was November 25, 1982. Rick is employed by the city of Des Moines as an inspector. Jean goes to Ankeny Community College parttime.

After Don spent twenty-seven years in the service station, he decided to try selling insurance with the Knights of Columbus. Hopefully a trip to Germany in the spring of 1986 is in their future. They went to Hawaii in 1985. It's a favorite thing of the whole McCartan family, to travel. When the older children were younger, they trekked to California one year. Tennessee another, and Washington, D. C. in 1984. Don enjoys fishing and he took his sons last year (1984) to Canada.

Cindy Phillips, daughter of Mary and Walt, was married to Kevin Miller, son of Melvin and Jane Miller of Mitchellville, Iowa, August 3, 1985, at the Pocahontas Methodist Church.

Trincy Abrahamson, daughter of Linda and Paul, was married to Mark Faas, son of Mike and Mary Jane Faas of Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on June 22, 1985, at Grace United Methodist Church in Spencer.

My brother, Chester Charles Dexter, was the firstborn of the Cless Dexter family. We attended school in the country school which was on the east corner, a short distance from home. Ware Consolidated School opened its doors for the initial day in the fall of 1914. Here is where we spent the remainder of our school days. Chester was mechanically minded and was always trying to figure out how this or that worked. When he grew bigger he repaired cars for his friends...it was a hobby, and he never was happier than when he was covered with grease from head to toe. Finally, he was employed in Shimon's Ford Garage at Pocahontas; he was a natural born mechanic.

In 1927, anyone who was anyone at all went to town on Saturday night as this was the night in the rural farming area. Chester and Roy and two friends had gone to Pocahontas as usual. They met many friends and acquaintances and started home about 11:30 ...the stores stayed open until midnight or later. Chester was driving and on the way home, he seemed to be heading for the ditch. "Hey, you're heading for the ditch," someone said. That was the end. He slumped over the wheel so someone grabbed the wheel. It was as simple as that. People could not believe it when they heard the report the next morning...they had seen him in town the night before. The funeral was on Tuesday, January 18, in the Methodist Church at Ware. The church was heated with a stove and it was a bitterly cold day so you know that there was not much heat in the building. There was no basement and the church was full. A sudden death always brings out a large crowd. Burial was in the Washington Cemetery at Havelock. He would have been twenty-five on January 27.

Maud and Roy are still living on the farm that Dad pioneered and where he broke the sod, the farm that Mother helped build a bit at a time, the farm that has been in the Dexter name for 84 years. This is the land my parents worked for and sacrificed for. This is the place there is so much feedom, a place that is dear to us, the house in which we were born, and have always called home, a place where roots are deep and a place that holds many memories.

THE DEXTER-DEYOUNG THRESHING RING

This venture was started about 1914 or 1915...there is no one left to tell the exact date. The farmers decided it would be an advantage to have their own rig rather than to have to wait for a machine to come to thresh the oats. Often a thresing machine was so much in demand that it would be unavailable until fall or even winter, which was an undesirable time to thresh.

Therefore, it was expedient to own a local machine that was always available, and that is why the local ring, or run, was formed. The company consisted of my father and my mother's five (DeYoung) brothers: Harry, Jerry, George, Chris, and Clarence. A few of the close neighbors were also interested in having a local run so they also bought a share...each person shared the profits and the expenses. Then at the end of the season the expenses and profits were evenly divided.

There were six neighbors who had shares in the ring, or run. It took about 18 men to have enough to complete the ring as it was an unusually large run. The men hauled the oat bundles from the field on hayracks...the loads towered high and as a child it seemed to me the men could not possibly reach to the top of the rack to load the last few bundles.

Grain haulers varied from two to six depending whether the oats were hauled in a lumber wagon pulled by horses to the grainary that was on the farmstead, or whether it was hauled two miles to Ware to the elevator. The trip to town generally took two hours, up and back. Most often the crop of oats was kept at home as it was needed for feed for the livestock.

The season for threshing lasted from three to six weeks. If there was no rain, the threshing was done in about three weeks, but if the season was rainy, it took considerably longer. Sometimes work did not start until afternoon as the grain was not dry until then...oats could not be threshed if the grain was damp. Sometimes the work was started about 10:00 in the morning, so the weather had a big impact on threshing. Racks with a load of bundles were covered with canvas if they were left standing overnight; that way they were dry in the morning.

They began at 7:00 and lasted until 6:00 in the evening. (There was a man to run the Avery and a man to run the separator.) The Avery was 50 horse power and traveled about two or three miles per hour. How about driving one of these today, you kids? As a child, I stood on the cave and got a big thrill watching the Avery with iron lugs lumber up the lane pulling the separator which was called a Yellow Fellow.

One year threshing started at the south end and the next year it started at the north end. About 1947 and 1948 combines became more prevalent which brought about the demise and tolled the death knell for the threshing run.

James G. Dexter and Ruth Trimble Dexter
45th Wedding Anniversary
1978

The James Dexter Family, 1978
James Dexter (center front)
Ruth, Mary, Ruth, James, Carol and Linda

Ruth and James Dexter
John and Ruth Starks, Walt and Mary Phillips,
Jim and Jean Dexter, Linda and Paul Abrahamson,
Carol and Don McCartan

Carol Dexter McCartan and Don McCartan, 1985
Julie McCartan Wiemers and Norm Wiemers, and
Abbigail
Mary Jo McCartan Sandy and Keith Sandy
Jean McCartan Behanish and Rick Behanish,
and Erin and Shane
Joel, McCartan, John McCartan, and James McCartan
Joan McCartan and Janet McCartan

Wedding of Cindy Phillips and Kevin Miller
August 3, 1985

Shelly Torkelson Phillips and Scott Phillips
Mary and Walt Phillips
Mark Phillips

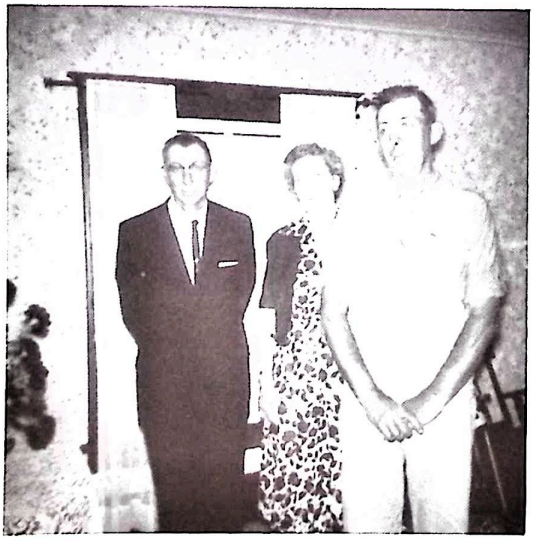
James C. Dexter and Jean Anderson Dexter
Shelly, Brenda and Jody, 1985

Linda Dexter Abrahamson and Paul Abrahamson
Tricia, Trincy, Trent, and Travis, 1985

Trincy Abrahamson Faas
and Mark Faas

Ruth Dexter Starks and John Starks
Jennifer and James
1985

Cless and Martha Dexter
Maud, James, and Roy
June 29, 1947

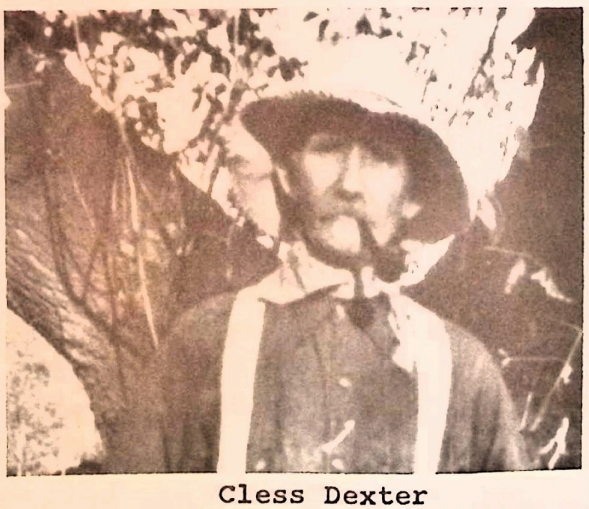


James, Maud, and Roy Dexter

Chester Dexter

Maud Dexter, high school graduation, 1924

Cless and Martha Dexter, 1949



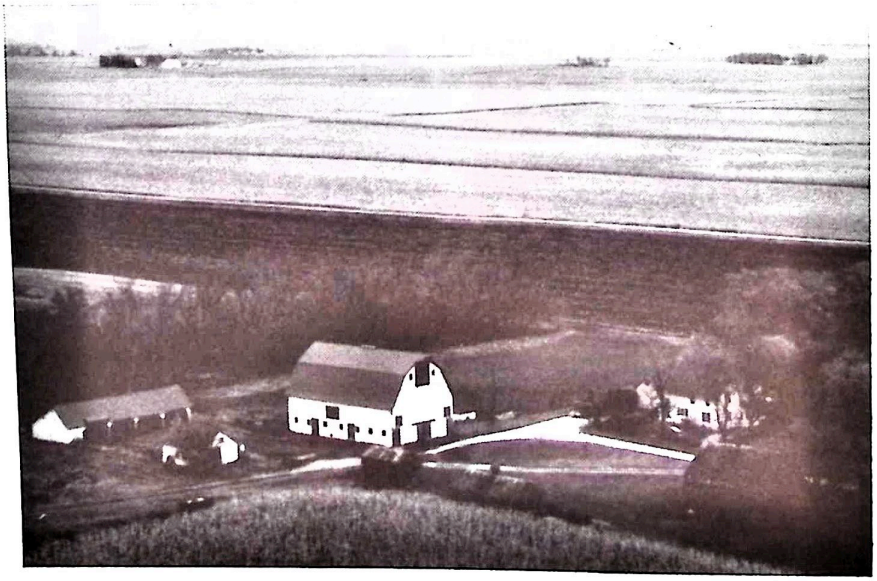
Cless Dexter

Maud Dexter as a baby at about 1 yr.

Chester Dexter (seated) and Roy Dexter (standing)
Approximately 3½ yrs. & 1½ yrs. respectively

Maud Dexter, about 6 yrs. old

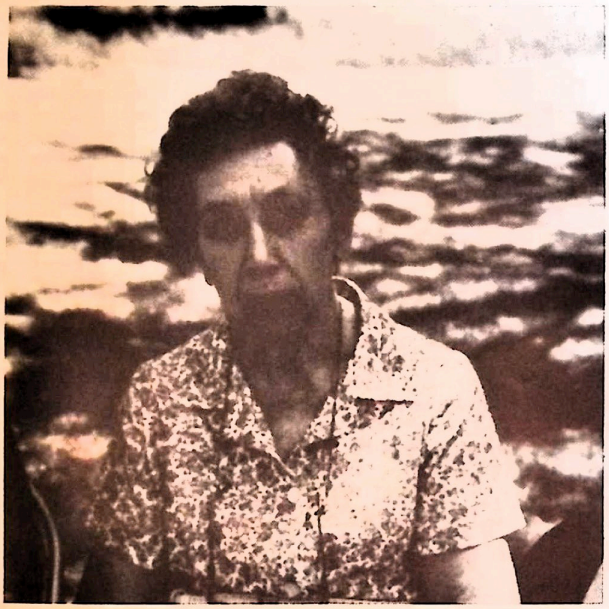
Martha DeYoung Dexter



The Home Place
1982

My Mother's Family, cont.

Thus ends the story...as I lay down the red pencil and close the typewriter for the last time. I am proud of my Dutch heritage and wish that the name had never been changed, that we might have the distinction of being descendants of our forefathers who were born in and came from Holland. So, if the postage stamp doesn't hop off the envelope and stick to the sidewalk, the next family history will probably be written by the seventh generation.



Maud Dexter, June 3, 1984

Roy Dexter

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM GRANDPA AND GRANDMA DEXTER 1985

Cindy Phillips and Kevin Miller Wedding--August 3, 1985, United Methodist Church, Pocahontas, Iowa.

Grandma Ruth (Trimble) Dexter and Grandpa James Dexter.

Carol (Dexter) McCartan and Don McCartan, Janet, James, John, Joel and Joanie.
Jean Marie (McCartan) Behanish and Rick Behanish, Erin, and Shane.
Julie (McCartan) Weimers and Norm Wiemers, and Abby.
Mary Jo (McCartan) Sandy and Keith Sandy.

Mary (Dexter) Phillips and Walt Phillips, and Mark.
Scott Phillips and Shelly (Torkelson) Phillips.
Cindy (Phillips) Miller and Kevin Miller.

James C. Dexter and Jean (Anderson) Dexter, Shelly, Brenda, and Jody.

Linda (Dexter) Abrahamson and Paul Abrahamson, Tricia, Trent, and Travis.
Trincy (Abrahamson) Faas and Mark Faas.

Ruthie (Dexter) Starks and John Starks, Jimmy, and Jennifer.

TED JAKE DEXTER'S FAMILY

(As of May, 1985)

By Bessie (Youngdahl) Dexter

Ted Jake Dexter
BORN - April 15, 1900 - Goodland, Indiana
MARRIED - (1) April, 1924 - Mattesson, Illinois
(2) January 3, 1947 - Chicago, Illinoies
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - (1) Elsie Umland
BORN - January 26, 1907 - Matteson, Illinois
MARRIED - April, 1927 - Matteson, Illinois
DIED - July 31, 1939 - Chicago, Illinois
BURIED - Lutheran Cemetery - Matteson, Illinois

(2) Bessie Youngdahl
BORN - January 4, 1905 - Balaton, Minnesota
MARRIED - January 3, 1947
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (4 of Ted Jake Dexter and Elsie Umland)
(1) Lorraine Ann Dexter
BORN - March 7, 1928 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - February 22, 1947
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Raymond C. Letourneau
BORN - October 12, 1925 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - February 22, 1974
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (3 of Lorraine Ann Dexter and Raymnond C. Letourneau)
(1) Susan Rae Letourneau
BORN - December 17, 1948 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - January 30, 1971 - Chicago, Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Frank Marksteiner
BORN - October 21, 1944 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - January 30, 1971 - Chicago Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (3 of Susan Rae Letourneau and Frank Marksteiner)
(1) Scot Marksteiner
BORN - April 28, 1973, Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Laura Marksteiner
BORN - August 6, 1975 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Jeffrey Marksteiner
BORN - December 28, 1977 - Hazel Crest, Illinois
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Peter Letourneau
BORN - February 9, 1950 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - November 17, 1978
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Joanne Martin
BORN - September 24, 1956 - Blue Island, Illinois
MARRIED - November 17, 1978
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 of Peter Letourneau and Joanne Martin)

(1) Chanelle Letourneau
BORN - September 2, 1979 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Nicole Letourneau
BORN - October 11, 1980
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Roxane Letourneau
BORN - January 13, 1955 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - April 26, 1975 - Park Forest Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Daniel Breese
BORN - August 14, 1952 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - April 26, 1975 - Park Forest, Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 of Roxane Letourneau and Daniel Breese)

(1) Carrie Breese
BORN - September 24, 1977 - Chicago Heights, Ill.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Kelly Breese
BORN - October 15, 1978, Chicago Heights, Ill.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Theodore John Dexter, Sr.
BORN - June 27, 1929 - Matteson, Illinois
MARRIED (1) February, 1951 - Garland, North Carolina
(2) November 8, 1980 - Fayetteville, North Carolina
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - (1) Mildrd Dyson
BORN - North Carolina
MARRIED - February, 1951
DIVORCED - January, 1980
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (2 of Theodore John Dexter and Mildred Dyson)
(1) Linda Dexter
BORN - November 14, 1952 - Fayetteville, North Carolina
MARRIED - January 2, 1983 - Rocky Mount, North Carolina
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - William C. Allen
BORN - Sept. 4, 1957 - Rocky Mount, North Carolina
MARRIED - January 2, 1983 - Rocky Mount, North Carolina
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Theodore John Dexter, Jr.
BORN - February 12, 1954 - Fayetteville, North Carolina
MARRIED - February 13, 1983
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - Susan Paden
BORN - July 21, 1954 - Valejo, California
MARRIED - February 13, 1983
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife (2) Rosine Kornegay
BORN - February 2, 1937 - Fayetteville, North Carolina
MARRIED - November 8, 1980 to Theodore John Dexter, Sr.
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (Daughter of Rosine Kornegay adoted by Theodore John Dexter, Sr. - July 9, 1981)
Laura Kornegay
BORN - June 17, 1972 - Fayetteville, North Carolina
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(3) Betty Jean Dexter
BORN - April 26, 1931 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - April 19, 1952
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - Wilbur Ellis
BORN - June 14, 1930 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - April 19, 1952
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (3 of Betty Jean Dexter and Wilbur Ellis)
(1) Jane Lynn Ellis
BORN - March 21, 1953 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED - September 7, 1974 - Matteson, Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - Daniel Fagan
BORN - July 8, 1950 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - September 7, 1974 - Matteson, Illinois
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (1 of Jane Lynn Ellis and Daniel Fagan)
(1) Jennifer Fagan
BORN - June 10, 1979 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Robert Wilbur Ellis
BORN - October 12, 1954 - Chicago Heights, Illinois
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(3) Joan May Ellis
BORN - May 19, 1963 - Chicago Heights, Illinos
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(4) Ronald James Dexter
BORN - July 23, 1933 - Chicago, Illinois
MARRIED - September, 1953 - Mineral Wells, Texas
DIED - July 29, 1967
BURIED - Viet Nam
Wife - Bobbie Tirrell
BORN - July 28, 1938 - Snyder, Texas
MARRIED - September 1953 - Mineral Wells, Texas
DIED -
BURIED -
Children - (6 of Ronald James Dexter and Bobbie Tirrell)
(1) Ronnie Dexter
BORN - July 27, 1954 - Mineral Wells, Texas
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Sheila Dexter
BORN - April 22, 1957 - Augsburg, Germany
MARRIED - May 15, 1978 - Mineral Wells, Texas
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - John McElyea
BORN - October 3, 1954 - Houston, Texas
MARRIED - May 15, 1978 - Mineral Wells, Texas
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 of Sheila Dexter and John McElyea)
(1) Jamie Shalene McElyea
BORN - December 23, 1978 - Naples, Texas
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Amy Nicole McElyea
BORN - November 27, 1979 - Naples, Texas
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Connie Dexter
BORN - October 15, 1958 - Augsburg, Germany
MARRIED - July 6, 1974 - Parker County, Texas
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Bruce Glover
BORN - October 23, 1955 - Mineral Wells, Texas
MARRIED - July 6, 1974 - Parker County, Texas
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 of Connie Dexter and Bruce Glover)
(1) Bobby Glover
BORN - November 1, 1977 - Weatherford, Texas
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Casey Ray Glover
BORN - Mineral Wells, Texas
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(4) Donna Dexter
BORN - December 18, 1959 - Fayetteville (Fort Bragg), North Carolina
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(5) Danny Dexter
BORN - January 5, 1963 - Munich, Germany
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(6) Ted Lee Dexter
BORN - July 30, 1964 - Stutgart, Germany
MARRIED-
DIED -
BURIED -

(Ronald James Dexter, 4th child of Ted Jake Dexter and Elsie Umland, died while a prisoner of war in Viet Nam. The helicopter in which he was a passenger was shot down in Laos on June 3, 1967. Ronald died July 29, 1967. This information was provied to us by another POW who returned nearly six years later in 1973.)

1937 - standing left to right- Walter, Truman, R.Ruby (Otto), Grace (Rex), Carl, & Pirl Woodin. sitting- Raymond Sr., Harry, Ada (Dexter), & Harvey Woodin.

HARRY & ADA WOODIN FAMILIES

(As of March, 1984)

By (Ruth) Ruby Woodin Otto

Harry Edward Woodin
BORN - Feb. 3, 1871 - Goodland, Indiana - Newton County
MARRIED - Oct. 9, 1897 - Pocahontas, Iowa
DIED - Feb. 5, 1959 - Emmetsburg, Iowa (88 years old)
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

Wife - Ada Dexter (Dykstra) in Holland
BORN - July 6, 1879 - Saint Jacobs, Holland
DIED - April 21, 1964 - Fort Dodge, Iowa (84 years old)
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

CHILDREN -

(1) Grace LaRachel Woodin (Rex)
BORN - May 23, 1898 - near Ware, Iowa - 1st. res. same
MARRIED - Oct. 18, 1940 - Havelock, Iowa - to Sidney Dewayne Rex (1-29-05) - died 2-24-56
DIED - March 4, 1976 - Pocahontas, Iowa (77 years old)
BURIED - Pocahontas, Iowa

(2) Carl Alexander Woodin
BORN - March 31, 1900 - Near Ware, Iowa - res. same
MARRIED - (1) Grace Speer (2) Vera Doris Holden Harriott, May 23, 1936, in Joplin, Missouri
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Raymond Everett Woodin
BORN - March 28, 1902 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - Dec. 15, 1923 - Ware, Ia., - to Evelyn Eva Malik (12-15-03)
DIED - March 19, 1982 - Pocahontas, Iowa (almost 80)
BURIED - Havelock, Iowa

(4) Crystal Woodin
BORN - May 28, 1904 - W. of Ware, Ia., - stillborn
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

(5) Truman Oscar Woodin
BORN - Aug. 12, 1906 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - Dec. 3, 1934 - Webster City, Iowa - to Luverne Beatric Newell (8-9-16)
DIED -
BURIED -

(6) Walter Frank Woodin
BORN - March 17, 1909 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - June 1, 1941 - Luther, Iowa - to Doris Leona Luther (2-17-16)
DIED - Dec. 21, 1979 - Waterloo, Ia. - res. Laurens, Ia. (70 years old)
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

(7) Pirl Edward Woodin
BORN - March 27, 1911 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - April 4, 1939 - Laurens, Iowa - to Esther Leona Hixson (9-8-18)
DIED -
BURIED -

(8) Baby girl - name - maybe Opal or Garnet
BORN - Feb. 5, 1913
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

(9) Ruth Ruby Woodin (Otto)
BORN - Oct. 4, 1914 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - March 12, 1936 - Pocahontas, Iowa - to Woodrow Wilson Otto (11-16-12) - died 6-12-81
DIED -
BURIED -

(10) Harvey Earl Woodin
BORN - Oct. 7, 1916 - 1½ mil. W. of Ware, Ia., res. same
MARRIED - Oct. 20, 1950 - Fairmont, MN - to Maxine Oxenford Fischer - lived in Pocahontas, Ia.
DIED - Nov. 26, 1977 - Pocahontas, Iowa (61 years old)
BURIED - Pocahontas, Iowa

FAMILIES OF HARRY & ADA WOODIN'S CHILDREN

(1) Grace LaRachel Woodin
BORN - May 23, 1898 - W. of Ware, Ia., - res. same
MARRIED - Oct. 18, 1941 - Havelock, Ia.- res. Pocahontas, Ia.
DIED - March 4, 1976 - Pocahontas, Ia. - res. Pocahontas, Ia.
BURIED - Pocahontas, Iowa

Husband - Sidney Dewayne Rex - in Army during WW II - Tec Sgt. Sec. C-3508 - 1942 - 1945
BORN - Jan. 29, 1905 - Hyannis, Nebr. (I think)
DIED - Feb. 24, 1956 - Des Moines, Ia. - VET Hospital - of Cancer - res. Pocahontas, Iowa
BURIED - Pocahontas, Iowa

Children (1 boy)
Howard Rex
BORN - March 31, 1944 - Madison, Wisc. - stillborn
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

(2) Carl Alexander Woodin
BORN - March 31, 1900 - W. of Ware, Ia., - 1st res. same
MARRIED - (1) Grace Speer (divorced) (2) May 23, 1936 - to Vera Holden Harriott - Joplin, MO
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Vera Doris Holden Harriott
BORN - Nov. 8, 1907 - Coeur d'Alene, Idaho - 1st res. Menomonie, Wisc.
MARRIED - (1) William Van Harriott (divorced) (2) Carl Woodin - in Joplin, MO
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (1 boy - 1 girl)
1. Arthur Dean Harriott Woodin
BORN - Nov. 22, 1928 - Vinita, Okla. - 1st res. same
MARRIED - June 14, 1953 - Joplin, MO - res. same
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - Mahle Juanita White
BORN - May 23, 1933 - Pawhuska, Okla.
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (2 boys - 1 girl)
(1) Ronald Jeridean Woodin (Chip)
BORN - March 7, 1954 - Joplin, Mo.-1st res. same
MARRIED - Jan. 1, 1981 - Joplin, Mo.
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - Debra Baker
BORN - Dec. 6, 1957 - Joplin, Mo. (we think)
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Mark Steven Woodin
BORN - Feb. 16, 1957 - Joplin, Mo. - 1st res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(3) Tracy Dean Woodin
BORN - Feb. 26, 1963 - Joplin, Mo. - res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

Ia.
Ia.

2. Sandra Vera Woodin
BORN - July 22, 1941 - Bottineau, North Dakota -
res. Joplin, Mo.
MARRIED - (1) Thomas C. Fredericks (2-14-35) Divorced
(2) George Thompson - Sept. 19, 1980 -
Tulsa, Okla.
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - George Thompson
BORN - July 7, 1924 - Des Moines, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (1 boy)
(1) Todd Jason Fredericks
BORN - Dec. 6, 1966 - Joplin, Mo. - 1st res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Raymond Everett Woodin, Sr.
BORN - March 28, 1902 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia.-res. same
MARRIED - Dec. 15, 1923 - Ware, Ia. - 1st res. 5 or 6 mi. South of Ware, Iowa
DIED - March 19, 1982 - Pocahontas, Iowa
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

Wife - Evelyn Eva Malik
BORN - Dec. 15, 1902 - Wagner, South Dakota
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 boys)

1. Raymond Everett Woodin, Jr. - in Army, 84 Inf. 1944 - 1946 - In Battle of the Bulge
BORN - Feb. 17, 1925 - 1 mi. S. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. - res. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Iowa
MARRIED - Feb. 16, 1947 - Emmetsburg, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Alice Marie Boysen
BORN - Aug. 8, 1925 - near Havelock, Ia. - res. same
DIED -
BURIED -

Children - of Raymond, Jr. & Alice Woodin (2 boys)

(1) Gerald Raymond Woodin (Jerry)
BORN - Dec. 20, 1949 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - 1st res. N.W. of Pocahontas, Iowa
MARRIED - May 28, 1972 - Elsborg Lutheran Church in country - Pomeroy
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - EaVon Marie Almquist
BORN - Feb. 22, 1950 - Laurens, Ia. Hospital - 1st res. 6 mi. S. 3 mi. W. of Pocahontas, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -

Children - of Gerald & EaVon Woodin (2 boys-1 girl)

1. Curtis Ray Woodin
BORN - Sept. 3, 1973 - Red Oak, Iowa - 1st res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

2. Gregory John Woodin
BORN - June 18, 1975 - Omaha, Nebr. - 1st res. Red Oak, Iowa
MARRIED, -
DIED -
BURIED -

3. DeAnn Marie Woodin
BORN - July 22, 1977 - Fort Dodge, Iowa - 1st res. Webster City, Iowa
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Steven Harry Woodin
BORN - Oct. 2, 1953 - Ft. Dodge, Iowa - 1st res. 3 mi. W. 2¼ mi. N. Pocahontas, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

2. Donald Harry Woodin
BORN - Jan. 11, 1928 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. (Raymond, Don's Dad, born in same house)
MARRIED - Mar. 13, 1948 - Laurens, Ia. - res. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Gretchen Lee Hawley
BORN - June 29, 1930 - Laurens, Ia. - res. same
DIED -
BURIED -

Children of Donald & Gretchen Woodin (2 sons)

(1) Dan Lee Woodin
BORN - Sept. 1, 1951 - Storm Lake, Ia. - res. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia.
MARRIED - May 26, 1973 - Boone, Ia. - res. Ames, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Jacqueline Dorothy Masterson
BORN - Feb. 10, 1951 - Boone, Ia. - 1st res. same
DIED -
BURIED -

Children of Dan & Jacqueline Woodin (2 girls-1 boy)

1. Audra Lee Woodin
BORN - Feb. 17, 1975 - Boone, Ia. - res. Des Moines, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

2. Austin Don Masterson Woodin
BORN - Jan. 24, 1979 - Boone, Ia. - res. Ames, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

3. Annon Crossland Woodin
BORN - Nov. 16, 1983 - Boone, Ia. - res. Ames, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) David Charles Ray Woodin
BORN - Dec. 22, 1953 - Storm Lake, Ia. - 1st res. 6 mi. N. of Laurens, Ia.
MARRIED - Aug. 16, 1975 - Laurens, Ia. - res. Ames, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Jayne Coleen Nelson
BORN - Jan. 31, 1956 - Storm Lake, Ia. - res. Laurens, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -

Children of David & Jayne Woodin (1 girl - 1 boy)

1. Lindsay Brooke Woodin
   BORN - Sept. 28, 1980 - Pocahontas, Ia. - res. 3 mi. N. 1½ mi. E. of Laurens, Ia.
   MARRIED -
   DIED -
   BURIED -
2. Matthew Nelson Woodin
   BORN - July 13, 1983 - Pocahontas, Ia. - res. 3¼ mi. N. 2 mi. E. of Laurens, Ia.
   MARRIED -
   DIED -
   BURIED -

(4) Crystal Woodin
BORN - May 28, 1904 - near Ware, Iowa - stillborn
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa

(5) Truman Oscar Woodin
BORN - Aug. 12, 1906 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia., South side of road
MARRIED - Dec. 3, 1934 - Webster City, Ia. - res. 1 mi. W ½ mi. N. of Ware, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -

Wife - Luverne Beatric Newell
BORN - Aug. 9, 1916 - 8 mi. S. of Laurens, Ia. - res. same
DIED -
BURIED -

Children - of Truman & Luverne Woodin (1 girl)

1. Ruth Ethel Woodin
BORN - Oct. 38, 1936 - Storm Lake, Ia. - res. 1 mi. W ½ N. of Ware, Iowa
MARRIED - Aug. 31, 1957 - res. 6 mi. W. 2½ mi. N. of Clare, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Camillus Francis Walsh - in Army 1954 - 1956
BORN - Mar. 8, 1933 - at home N.W. of Clare, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -

Children - of Ruth & Camillus (Kelly) Walsh

(1) Diane Rae Walsh - adopted
BORN - July 20, 1964 - Sioux City, Ia. - res. 6 mi. W. 1½ mi. N. ¼ mi. W. of Clare, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Steven Dale Walsh - adopted
BORN - Apr. 24, 1966 - Sioux City, Ia. - res. 6 mi. W. 1½ mi. N. ¼ mi. W. of Clare, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(3) Kathleen Ann Walsh
BORN - July 11, 1967 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - res. 6 mi. W. 1½ mi. N. ¼ mi. W. of Clare, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(4) Mary Elizabeth Walsh
BORN - Dec. 24, 1971 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - res. 6 mi. W. 3 mi. N. ¼ mi. W. of Clare, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(6) Walter Frank Woodin
BORN - Mar. 17, 1909 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. - South side of road
MARRIED - June 1, 1941 - Luther, Ia. - res. 3½ mi. S. of Plover, Iowa
DIED - Dec. 21, 1979 - Waterloo, Ia. hospital - res. Laurens, Iowa (70 years old)
BURIED - Laurens, Iowa
Wife - Doris Leona Luther
BORN - Feb. 17, 1916 - Des Moines, Ia. - Parents - Clifford & Anna (Barrow) Luther
DIED -
BURIED -

(7) Pirl Edward Woodin
BORN - Mar. 27, 1911 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. - South side of road
MARRIED - Apr. 4, 1939 - Laurens, Ia.-res. S.E. of Ware, Ia.
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - Esther Leona Hixson
BORN - Sept. 8, 1918 - North of Pine City, Beroun, Minn. - res. rural Beroun
DIED -
BURIED -
Children - of Pirl & Esther Woodin (1 girl - 1 boy)
1. Carol Jean Woodin
BORN - Dec. 7, 1940 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - res. S.E. of Ware, Ia. - Pocahontas County
MARRIED - (1) James Pearson (divorced) (2) Feb. 4, 1977 - Quentin Mayberry
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - Quentin Wells Mayberry
BORN - Dec. 15, 1949 - Laurens, Ia. Hospital - res. Pocahontas, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -
Children
(1) Christi Jean Pearson
BORN - July 31, 1963 - Sioux City, Ia. - res. Sioux City, Iowa
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Susan Lynn Pearson
BORN - Oct. 14, 1966 - Waterloo, Ia. - res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(3) Tracie Linda Mayberry
BORN - May 9, 1980 - Pocahontas, Ia.-res. Laurens, Ia.
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

2. Mervin Woodin
BORN - Feb. 5, 1942 - S.E. of Ware, Ia. - res. same
MARRIED - Nov. 17, 1970 - to Jennie Spencer - Dallas, Texas - divorced
DIED -
BURIED -

(9) Ruth Ruby Woodin (Otto)
BORN - Oct. 4, 1914 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. - res. same - Pocahontas County, Iowa
MARRIED - Mar. 12, 1936 - Pocahontas, Ia. - 1st res. 1 mi. E. 2-3/4 mi. S. of Plover, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - Woodrow Wilson Otto (Jim)
BORN - Nov. 16, 1912 - S.E. of Plover, Ia. - 1st res. same - Pocahontas County, Iowa
DIED - June 12, 1981 - Pocahontas, Ia. - of colon-liver cancer (68 years old)
BURIED - Rolfe, Iowa
Children - of R. Ruby & Woodrow Otto (1 boy - 1 girl)
1. Glen Edward Otto - Air National Guard Reserve for 6 years - 1959 - 1965
BORN - July 28, 1939 - Storm Lake, Ia. - 1st res. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Iowa
MARRIED - Jan. 7, 1961 - Plover, Ia. - 1st res. N.E. of Pocahontas, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -
Wife - Sharon Fern Sifert
BORN - May 28, 1943 - S. of Jackson, Minn. - 1st res. same
DIED -
BURIED -
Children - of Glen & Sharon Otto (1 boy - 1 girl)
(1) Julie Ann Otto
BORN - Sept. 7, 1961 - Emmetsburg, Ia. - 1st res. N.E. of Pocahontas, Iowa
MARRIED - Aug. 18, 1984, William Joseph Dvorak - June 9, 1962, Heidelberg, W. Ger.
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) David Todd Otto
BORN - Jan. 4, 1965 - Emmetsburg, Ia. - 1st. res. 3 mi. S. of Plover, Ia. - Pocahontas County
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
2. Eileen Ann Otto Bauer
BORN - Jan. 1, 1943 - Iowa City, Ia. - 1st res. 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Iowa
MARRIED - (1) Aug. 2, 1963 - Donald Nichols (4-16-43) divorced 1974 (2) July 2, 1977-Richard Bauer
DIED -
BURIED -

Husband - Richard Luverne Bauer - Army Reserve 1952-1958
BORN - Oct. 12, 1934 - Webster City, Ia. - 1st res.
S. of Webster City, Ia. - Hamilton County
DIED -
BURIED -
Children
(1) Shelly Lynn Nichols
BORN - Aug. 7, 1964 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - 1st res.
same - Webster County
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(2) Jane Annette Nichols
BORN - June 19, 1966 - Iowa City, Ia. - 1st res.
same - Johnson County
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -
(3) Beth Ann Nichols
BORN - May 9, 1972 - Mount Ayr, Ia. - 1st res.
same - Ringgold County
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(10) Harvey Earl Woodin - Navy Radio Man 3rd Class SV-6, World War II - 1943 - 1946
BORN - Oct. 7, 1916 - 1½ mi. W. of Ware, Ia. - South side of road - 1st res. same
MARRIED - Oct. 20, 1950 - Fairmont, Minn. - 1st res. Pocahontas, Iowa
DIED - Nov. 26, 1977 - Pocahontas, Ia. (at home) (61 years)
BURIED - Pocahontas, Iowa
Wife - Maxine Jane Oxenford Fischer Woodin
BORN - Aug. 10, 1917 - near Lake City, Iowa
MARRIED - (1) Jacob Fischer, Jr. - born 9-11-07 at Wall Lake, Ia. - died at age 43 - divorced
(2) Harvey Woodin
DIED -
BURIED -
Children (1 girl)
1. (Laura) Jane Fischer Woodin
BORN - Feb. 16, 1942 - Lake City, Ia. - 1st res. S. of Yetter, Ia. (6 Mi. W. of Lake City, Ia.)
MARRIED - Sept. 17, 1960 - Pocahontas, Iowa
DIED -
BURIED -
Husband - Paul Henry Biedermann, Jr.
BORN - Aug. 11, 1940 - Rolfe, Ia. - 1st res. same
DIED -
BURIED -

Children (2 boys)

(1) Blaine Paul Biedermann
BORN - May 17, 1963 - Fort Dodge, Ia. - 1st res. Pocahontas, Iowa
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

(2) Lud Bradley Earl Biedermann
BORN - Sept. 4, 1968 - Rock Rapids, Ia., - 1st res. same
MARRIED -
DIED -
BURIED -

The Woodin Family

(Written in summer of 1984)

Harry Woodin (1871 - 1959)
Born in Goodland, Indiana. Came to Pocahontas County in Iowa March 3, 1894. He farmed, did custom threshing, shelling, and draged roads to make extra money. He did tiling and surveying. Made the blueprint for his new corn crib. Had a United States patent for a barbed wire roller. He liked to hunt - hunted for wages when a young man - read the news and detective stories, baseball on the radio and TV, and go to the circus. He had hardening of the arteries and died at age 88.

Ada Dexter (Dykstra) Woodin (1879 - 1964)
Born in Saint Jacobs, Friesland, Holland. Came to the United States with her parents and three sisters and two brothers when she was 20 months old, and lived in Goodland, Indiana. Moved to Iowa March 5, 1895, west of Ware. Ada married Harry Woodin in 1897 and lived west of Ware until retiring, then moved to Joplin, Mo. in 1938, and back to Iowa in 1956. She was a happy person and looked at the good side of everything. She had a stroke at age 67 and had heart attacks, and was in a wheel chair 17 years. She liked to play games and was very good at checkers. She liked reading, hand work, movies, and could fix many things. She often told us, "Use your head and you won't have to use your back so much." She died at age 84.

Grace (Woodin) Rex (1898 - 1976)
Lived most of her life in Pocahontas County. She stayed at home to help our mother with the work. Started working in Vader's Cafe when she was 21 and then in a grocery store in Pocahontas, Iowa. She and Pirl bought a small grocery store in Pocahontas and they each bought a house. Grace liked to read, do hand work, and visit. She had arthritis of the spine and had pain for many years. She died at age 77.

Sidney DeWayne Rex (1905 - 1956)
He came from Nebraska. Worked in the sale barn (it sold livestock) and was in the Army, on the carnival, worked for farmers, and helped run the store. He enjoyed playing cards, visiting, and ball games on the radio. He died of colon cancer at age 51.

Carl A. Woodin (1900 -)
After two years at Ray's Automobile and Tractor School in Kansas City, Mo., Carl had a garage in Ware, Iowa. As well as being a mechanic and inventor, he spent over 50 years in the outdoor show business. In the early 1920's Carl invented and attained a United States patent on a tractor guide to put on the steering wheel of a tractor to guide the tractor while sitting on the seat of an oat binder. His invention of the "Roman Targets" shooting concession took him to many county and state fairs. Over 30 years at the Minnesota State Fair and the Arkansas-Oklahoma State Fair.

Vera D. (Holden) Woodin (1907 -)
Her ancesters were Wisconsin Holdens and Strattons. At a very early age her father had a construction crew building roads throughout the Dakotas and Montana, traveling by covered wagon. They settled in Wichita, Kansas where she attended school, then Joplin, Mo. Her hobbies are sewing and traveling. She and Carl made a trip to Europe in 1973. As they retire they are spending their winters in the Old South. Their permanent home is Joplin, Mo.

Arther Dean Woodin (1928 -)
Graduated from high school in Joplin, Mo. Spent four years in the U.S. Navy, six years as a airlines radio dispatcher, and 30 years as a Federal Air Traffic Controller.

Juanita M. Woodin (1933 -)
Graduated from high school in Joplin, Mo. Married Dean. Worked for Montgomery Wards. Raised three children.

Ronald J. Woodin (1954 -)
Graduated from high school in Joplin, Mo. Spent three years in a traveling dance band (lead guitarist), two years at Missouri Southern College, Music major, and electronic inspector.

Mark S. Woodin (1957 -)
Graduated from high school in Joplin, Mo. Spent three years traveling in a dance band (played drums), 1½ years at Missouri Southern College, two years at University of Missouri - Pre-Med. Plans dental-orthodonics.

Tracey D. Woodin (1963 -)
Graduated from high school in Joplin, Mo. Spent 1½ years at Missouri Southern College - Marketing major. Cashier at Brooks Clothing.

Woodin Family, cont.

Sandra (Sandy) Woodin Thompson (1941 -)
She was raised in Joplin, Mo. but spent her first 29 summers "on the road" in the outdoor amusement business. She was married 12 years, then divorced 12 years with one son, Todd. During that time she owned the Showboat Club at the Trade Winds Central Motel in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She was married in 1980 to George Thompson and they lived in many parts of the U.S., and are now living in Orangeburg, S.C.

George H. Thompson (1924 -)
He was raised in Corning, Iowa and went to Simpson College, Indianola, Iowa, and the University of Denver, Denver, Colorado. He retired from Hughes Aircraft (Missile Division), Tucson, Arizona in 1981. One year later was asked to be Quality Manager for the new plant of Hughes Missile Electronics in Eufaula, Al. where he was for 18 months. At the present time he is the Quality Manager for the new plant of Hughes Aircraft-South Carolina (radar manufacturing) in Orangeburg. His hobby and heart is in the outdoor amusement business.

Todd (Fredericks) Thompson (1966 -)
He was raised in many states and many schools. He is now attending a correspondence school, The American School, Chicago, Illinois. This is so he can study and/or travel at the same time, and he will graduate soon. His hobbies are fishing, hunting and motorcycle riding.

Ray Woodin (1902 - 1982)
He was born on a farm near Laurens. He lived there until 1923 when he married Evelyn Malik. He lived there until they moved to a farm they bought near Havelock in 1949. They lived there until they retired and moved to Laurens in Nov., 1975. He was very active in community work. He was on the school board at Ware for nine years. He was on the F.H.A. board, home service man for the Red Cross, on the church board, township chairman of Triple A, corn sealer, on the building committee when Havelock built a new church, P.T.A. secretary and on the telephone board at Havelock. His hobbies were fishing, playing cards, collecting coins, going to farm sales, and collecting cream separators and old things. He died at the Pocahontas Manor after failing health of several years. He died March 19, 1982, at the age of 79. He is buried in the Havelock Cemetery.

Evelyn Malik Woodin (1902 -)
She was born at Wagner, South Dakota and moved to Tyndall while quite young. She lived there until age 13 when her parents parted and she came to live with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Cejka, on a farm near Ware, southeast of Laurens. She lived there until she married Ray Woodin at the age of 21. They had two sons - Ray, Jr. in 1925 and Don in 1928 - on a farm where Ray was born. Evelyn took active part in church activities, was treasurer of the Red Cross of the township during World War II, and took offices in the P.T.A. in the school. She liked to fish, play cards, and do hand work. They went to Pocahontas Manor in July, 1981. She will be 82 in December and still lives in the Manor because of poor health.

Raymond Woodin, Jr. (1925 -)
Graduated from Ware, Iowa High School in 1943. Entered the Army in 1944 and was discharged in 1946. Started to farm in 1947 and as of today is still farming and living on the same place. Enjoys sports and T.V.

Alice Marie Boysen Woodin (1925 -)
Graduated from Havelock, Iowa High School in 1943. Married in 1947 and lived on the same farm up to this day. Enjoys sports, some handywork, and likes to work outside sometimes.

Gerald Woodin (1949 -)
Graduated from Pocahontas, Iowa High School in 1968. Graduated from Wayne State College at Wayne, Nebraska in 1972. Married EaVon Almquist in 1972. First taught school and coached J.V. basketball at Red Oak, Iowa for three years before moving to Webster City to work at the Farmers National Bank. From Webster City he moved to Pocahontas to be employed by the Pocahontas Commercial Bank. He enjoys golfing, basketball, and practically all types of sports. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce in Pocahontas.

EaVon Almquist Woodin (1950 -)
Graduated from Pocahontas, Iowa High School in 1968. Went to college in Texas for one year before transferring to Westmar College at LeMars, Iowa, where she graduated in 1972. After graduation she married Gerald Woodin in 1972 and they moved to Red Oak, Iowa, from there to Webster City, and then to Pocahontas. EaVon lost her parents when she was young - her mother when in the 2nd or 3rd grade and her father when she was in the 8th grade. She loves sports of every kind. She is the head volleyball coach at Pocahontas and has also coached 7th grade girls basketball for the last six years. Also an instructor in adult golf and has the elementary P.E. two days a week.

Curt Woodin (1973 -)
Good student. Likes sports of all kinds. He is in the 5th grade.

Gregory Woodin (1975 -)
Good student and likes sport of all kinds. He is in the 3rd grade.

DeAnn Woodin (1977 -)
Good student and likes sports also. She is in the 1st grade.

Steve Woodin (1953 -)
Graduated from Pocahontas, Iowa High School in 1973. Started farming in 1974 and still is farming and living at home. He said he never had it so good. Enjoys sports, motorcycling, and going to tractor pulls.

Donald Harry Woodin (1928 -)
He graduated from Ware High School and became a farmer at that time. He enjoys fishing and following the commodity markets.

Gretchen Lee Hawley Woodin (1930 -)
She graduated from Laurens High School and became "city girl" turned farmwife. She enjoys sewing and Japanese Bunka silk thread artwork. She likes entertaining family and friends and is the happiest when she has all her family gathered together.

Dan Lee Woodin (1951 -)
He has a bachelors degree in mathematics, education, and computer science from Iowa State University where he is presently employed as a manager of data systems at the administrative data processing center. His hobbies are golf and being a very loyal "Cyclone" fan. He's very easy to get along with and easy going. He loves to entertain and be entertained.

Jacqueline Dorothy Masterson Woodin (1951 -)
She has a bachelors degree in elementary education from Iowa State University. She likes crafts and sewing, kids and animals. She likes people, likes to eat, and likes to laugh and have a good time.

Audra Lee Woodin (1975 -)
She is presently a 4th grader at Edwards School in Ames, Iowa. Her hobbies are stuffed animals, dolls, and stickers. She is a worrier type person with a motherly instinct toward everything and everyone. She loves animals of all kinds.

Austin Don Masterson Woodin (1979 -)
He is presently in kindergarten at Edwards School in Ames, Iowa. He's very entertaining with a primary goal to be just like Daddy in everything, and at all costs he wants to be "cool". He worries about what others will think of him.

Annon Crossland Woodin (1983 -)
Is nine months old now. Always happy with a smile on her face. Very easy to get along with.

David Charles Ray Woodin (1953 -)
After attending the University of Iowa three years, he graduated from Iowa State University with a Bachelors degree in Agronomy. He has been a farmer since his college graduation. He's an avid fisherman and sports of all kinds are an interest to him. He enjoys his family and he's beginning to try his hand at golf.

Jayne Colleen Nelson Woodin (1956 -)
She is a licensed cosmetologist who is now a full-time mother and farm wife. She loves to sew and work out in the yard. She has a fondness for the beauty of trees and has planted well over three hundred trees and shrubs around their farm. She enjoys raising her family and exposing them to new experiences.

Lindsay Brooke Woodin (1980 -)
She is almost four years old and likes to dance, sing, and play with her little friends. She is basically a quiet little girl. She's not boisterous and is considered a soft-spoken, sensitive person.

Matthew Nelson Woodin (1983 -)
He is one year old and loves swimming and playing in water. He's all boy, built like a football player. He's beginning to talk and walk and tries to do most everything. He's becoming quite a mimic.

Truman Woodin (1906 -)
He owned a garage in Ware. Farmed many years. He is a very good mechanic and can fix almost anything. He has a United States patent for the first automatic lift for a grain combine head. Fast at boxing, as well as working. Likes fishing and retired and spends winter at their other home in Mesa, Arizona.

Luverne Woodin (1916 -)
Husband's right hand. Active in club work. Likes to do needlecraft and oil painting.

Ruth Walsh (1933 -)
Retired laboratory technician. Active in school and church organizations and enjoys sewing.

Camillus Walsh (1933 -)
Graduated from Manson, Iowa High School. Farms and raises feeder pigs. Enjoys football.

Diane Walsh (1964 -)
Graduated from Kilgore College, Kilgore, Texas, with an Associate Degree in Fine Arts. Dance instructor in Humboldt, Iowa.

Steve Walsh (1966 -)
Active in music and sports in high school. Attending Iowa Central College at Fort Dodge studying auto mechanics.

Kathleen Walsh (1967 -)
Active in music, speech, and drama - also dances. Enjoyed model legislature and American Legion Auxillary. Girls State.

Mary Walsh (1971 -)
Enjoys dancing and music.

Walter Frank Woodin (1909 - 1979)
Life-long resident of Pocahontas County, Iowa, except for one year in California (1930). Whittled and dressed characters for a mechanical show, "Fun On the Farm" and traveled the carnival circuit several summers. Rented farm 1936 - 1956. Invented oscillating electric egg washer and started manufacturing in 1956 in Laurens. Later designed and manufactured hog farrowing crates, football training machine, and other items. Enjoyed electric tool repair, welding and sheet metal work. Won an award in 1951 in the Lincoln Arc Welding Contest for his entry describing items he had made around the farm. Taught a welding class at Laurens Adult Evening School. Member of Methodist Church.

Doris Luther Woodin (1916 -)
Graduate of Luther, Iowa High School. Two year elementary teaching certificate from Iowa State Teachers College. Taught two one-room rural schools in Boone County. Taught 3rd and 4th grades at Ware, Iowa, 1939 - 1941. Married Walter Woodin in 1941. Assisted with farm work and later did office work for husband's business. Gave piano lessons after moving to Laurens in 1962. Has been a Methodist Sunday School teacher many years, church pianist, church librarian and active member of the Federated Woman's Club.

Pirl Woodin (1911 -)
Retired farmer, electrician, fur buyer, school bus driver, carnival, chicken caponizing. Likes to fish, hunt, trap, and sports.

Esther Woodin (1918 -)
Housewife, retired part-time clerk. Likes to fish, play cards, and travel.

Carol Mayberry (1940 -)
Secretarial course at Mankato Commercial College, Mankato, Minnesota. Worked for Northwestern Bell and FmHA. One year of college at University of South Dakota. Extra hours at Buena Vista and UNI at Cedar Falls. Likes sports, music and dancing. Housewife and working part time at Montgomery Ward. Has three daughters.

Quentin Mayberry (1949 -)
One year of college at Northeast Missouri State at Kirksville, Missouri. One year at Iowa Lakes Community College. Owner of Montgomery Ward store in Laurens. Likes swimming, music, and sports.

Christi Pearson (1963 -)
Beginning senior year at Iowa State University in speech pathology. Likes Music, sports, and dancing.

Susan Pearson (1966 -)
Beginning senior year at Laurens High School. Planning to attend a four year college, majoring in business. Likes sports and music.

Tracie Mayberry (1980 -)
Four years old - starting pre-school at Laurens.

Mervin Woodin (1942 -)
Graduated from University of South Dakota at Vermillion with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Business Administration. Graduated from University of South Dakota School of Law in 1968. Took accounting and CPA at University of Iowa at Iowa City in 1969 - 1970. Worked for a CPA firm in Texas and has been practicing law in Clinton, Iowa since 1972. Likes the "outdoors" and fishing and hunting.

Ruth Ruby Woodin Otto (1914 -)
Raised with six brothers and one sister. Graduated from Ware, Iowa High School. Worked in a grocery store. Married Woodrow Otto and they farmed. Likes to be outside, farm, strawberries, snapshots, stage plays, dance, carnivals, and fairs.

Woodrow (Jim) Otto (1914 - 1981)
Lived all his life in Pocahontas, Iowa, County. Went to country school three years. Graduated from Plover, Iowa High School. Farmed. His parents also farmed. Sold egg washers in Missouri for one year. Liked to barber, read, dance, ice skate, roller skate, sales, and fairs. Died of colon and liver cancer at age 68.

Glen Otto (1939 -)
Born at Storm Lake, Iowa. Attended school at Ware and graduated from Plover. Married Sharon Sifert of Emmetsburg, Iowa in 1961. Spent six years in the Air Force National Guard Reserve. Has two children, Julie and David. Has farmed all his life. Likes guns and motorcycles, radios and CBs.

Sharon Sifert Otto (1943 -)
Born at Jackson, Minnesota. Attended schools at Emmetsburg, Iowa. Married Glen Otto in 1961. Has two children, Julie and David. She enjoys many hobbies - mainly cake decorating. She taught herself to knit, crochet, and sew, and can do many things.

David Otto (1965 -)
Born in Emmetsburg, Iowa in 1965. Attended schools at Plover and Havelock. Graduated Valedictorian and received two scholarships. Likes farming, reading, riding mototcycles, going to movies and likes pets and tropical fish.

Julie Ann Otto Dvorak (1961 -)
Raised on a farm northeast of Pocahontas. Graduated from Havelock-Plover High School in 1980. Attended University of Northern Iowa for four years. Graduated with honors with a degree in Elementary Education/Special Education. She married William Dvorak August 18, 1984. Her hobbies are raising pets and riding horses.

William Joseph Dvorak (1962 -)
Born in Heidelberg, West Germany, he spent his first six years as an Army brat. Philip Dvorak (his dad) is from Clutier, Iowa, and Nora (Reynolds) Dvorak (his mother) is from Oxford, Iowa. He has two brothers and three sisters. Graduated high school from Grundy Center, Iowa and college from the University of Northern Iowa in Cedar Falls with a degree in high school speech. He joined the USMC in college to be an officer.

Eileen Bauer (1943 -)
She was born in Iowa City. Graduated from high school at Havelock-Plover and also from Northwest Institute of Medical Technology in 1962. She has worked as a medical technician at least part time ever since. She enjoys sewing in her spare time.

Richard Bauer (1934 -)
He was born in Webster City. Graduated from high school at Fort Dodge. He farmed from 1955 - 1979. He has been in the trucking business since then. He enjoys boating, water skiing and doing carpentry work.

Shelly Lynn Nichols (1964 -)
She was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa. Has two sisters, Jane and Beth. Attended school in Iowa City, Mt. Ayr, Havelock-Plover, Sentral of Fenton, and graduated at Northwest Webster of Barnum. Went to Iowa Central Community College at Fort Dodge for first year of college, and is presently starting her third year of college at Iowa State University at Ames, Iowa. (Her second year was at I.S.U.) Her major is computer science and she has taken quite a few courses for computer programming. Her home is three miles south of Clare on the blacktop. She likes participating in a variety of sports. She also likes aerobic exercise and running.

Jane Annette Nichols (1966 -)
Was born in Iowa City, Iowa, June 19. Has attended five different schools - Iowa City, Mt. Ayr, Havelock-Plover, Sentral of Fenton, and Northwest Webster in Barnum. She has two sisters, Shelly and Beth. Lives three miles south of Clare on the blacktop. Presently attending Iowa State University for Industrial Engineering as a freshman. Enjoys reading in her spare time and also playing volleyball.

Beth Nichols (1972 -)
Was born in Mt. Ayr, Iowa. When she was 13 months old, she moved to Plover, Iowa and lived there for about four years. She then moved to Fenton, Iowa where she attended school there through the first grade. Finally, she moved to where she is presently living at three miles south of Clare, Iowa. She goes to school at Northwest Webster of Barnum, where she is now in seventh grade. She enjoys swimming, bicycle riding, and reading.

Woodin Family, cont.

Harvey Woodin (1916 - 1977)
Farmed, worked in an airplane factory in California, was in the Navy, and was a plumber several years. He and Maxine operated a cafe in Pocahontas for 20 years and he cooked. He had a United States patent on a "drive-in" window. He liked to hunt and fish, dance, and people and visiting.

Maxine Oxenford Woodin (1917 -)
Taught grade school several years. She and Harvey operated a cafe in Pocahontas for 20 years. Worked as a nurse's aide at the Pocahontas, Iowa, hospital and manor. Likes dancing, crocheting, people and visiting.

Jane Biedermann (1942 -)
Graduated from Pocahontas High School. Was an office manager in a clinic in Rock Rapids, Iowa. Now has an art gallery in Rock Rapids. Likes hand work, painting, golf and antiques.

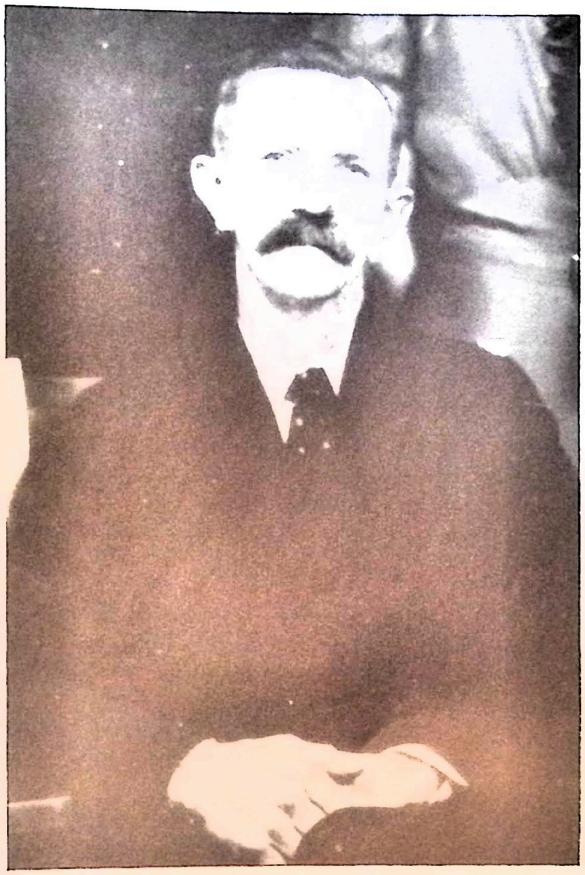
Paul Biedermann, Jr. (1940 -)
Was co-owner of cafe for a while. Highway patrolman at Rock Rapids for several years. Likes hunting, trapping,and golf. Helps with art business.

Blaine Biedermann (1963 -)
Senior in college in Iowa City, Iowa, and is a Zoology major. Likes scuba diving, photography, reading and fencing.

Bradley Biedermann (1968 -)
Is a junior in Rock Rapids High School. Took lifesaving and likes swimming, scuba diving and golf.

(Given to Ruby Woodin Otto by the Woodin families)

1937 Ada (Dexter) Woodin
July 6, 1879-Apr. 1964



1937 Harry Woodin (66)
Feb. 3,1871-Feb. 5, 1959

Harry and Ada Woodin farm 1½ mi. west of Ware, Ia.
Bought 1902-N.E. 40, 1913-W. 80, 1920- S.E. 40

Parents of Ada (Dexter) Woodin

Agnes (Kuikin) Dexter
1845 - 1914

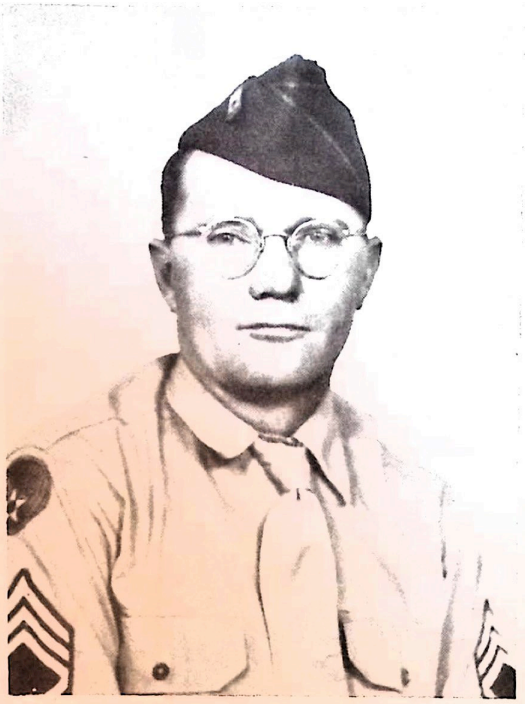
Tjeerd (Dykstra) in Holland - Dexter in U.S.
1844 - 1915

Parents of Harry Edward Woodin

Annie (Hartshorn) Woodin Apr. 3, 1851 -

Alexander Everett Woodin Feb. 15, 1845 - June 29, 1905

1964 Grace (Woodin) Rex
May 23, 1898-Mar.4, 1976
(77)



1964 Sidney Wayne Rex
Jan.29,1905-Feb.24,1956
(51)

1982-Tracy & Mark Woodin, Todd Fredericks
Dean Woodin, Debbie (Baker) & Ronald Woodin
Sitting-Vera (Holden) Woodin, George & Sandra (Woodin)
Thompson, Juanita (White) & Carl Woodin.

1972- Donald & Raymond Woodin Jr.
Evelyn (Malik) and Raymond Woodin Sr.1902-1982(almost 80)

1981-DeAnn, EaVon, Gerald, and Steven Woodin
Curtis, Alice, Ray Jr., and Gregory Woodin

1981 Gretchen (Hawley) & Donald Woodin

1983 Dan & Jacqueline (Masterson) Woodin
Austin and Audra Woodin

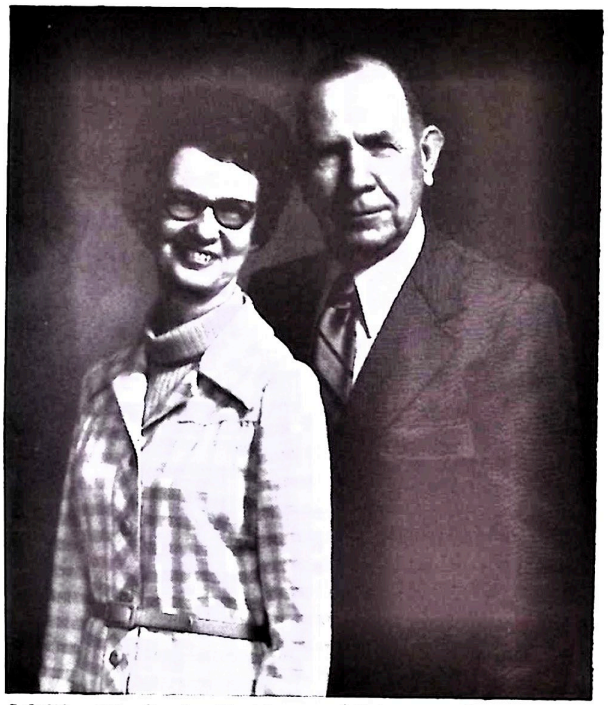
1984-Apr.30, Annon
Woodin, Born 11-16-83

1984 Jayne (Nelson) & David Woodin
Lindsay 4, and Matthew 17mo.

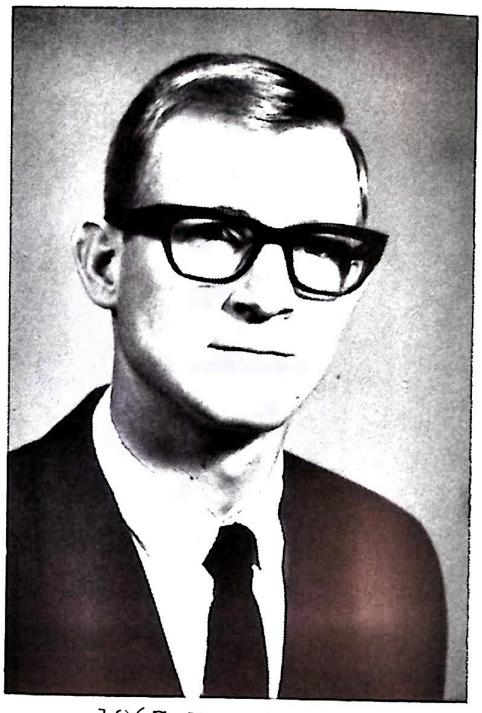
1974 Luverne (Newell) & Truman Woodin
and Ruth (Woodin) Walsh

1984 Ruth (Woodin), Kathleen, and Camillus Walsh
Diane, Mary, and Steven Walsh

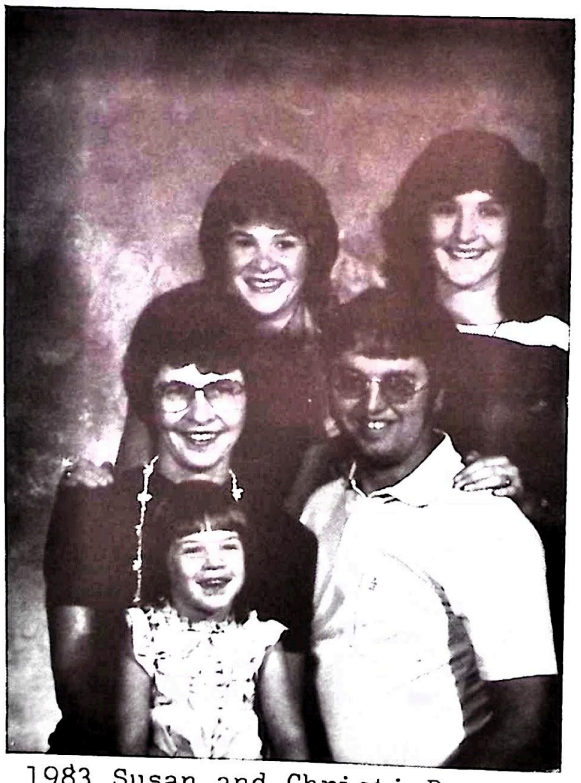
1977 Walter and Doris (Luther) Woodin
(Walter 1909-1979)



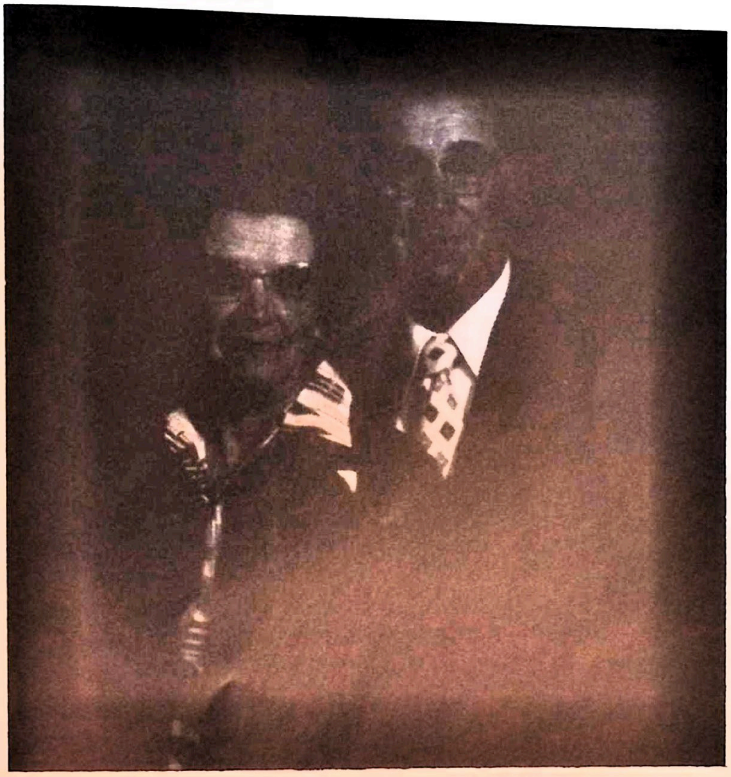
1974 Pirl & Esther (Hixson) Woodin



1967 Mervin Woodin



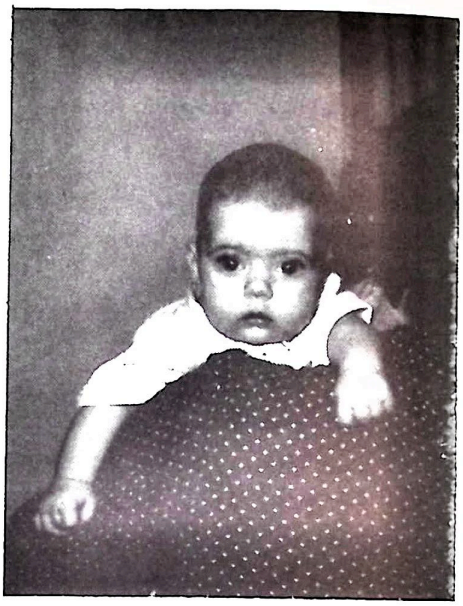
1983 Susan and Christi Pearson
Carol and Quentin Mayberry
Tracie Mayberry



1975 Ruby (Woodin) & (Jim) Woodrow Otto

1980 Sharon, Julie, David, Glen, Woodrow, & Ruby Otto
Shelly Nichols, Richard & Eileen Bauer, Beth & Jane
Nichols

1984 Glen & David Otto, William Dvorak
Sharon Otto, Julie (Otto) Dvorak



Oct. 6, 1985
Victoria Paige
Dvorak, born Aug.6

1983 Shelly, Jane, and Beth Nichols
Eileen (Otto) and Richard Bauer

1974 Maxine and Harvey Woodin

1981 Paul Jr., Blaine, Bradley, & Jane Biedermann

This page added Jan. 1986. Just before this book was printed.

Aug. 6,1985 Victoria Paige Dvorak
10 hours old, 8lb 6oz, 21in.long
Born Aug 6,1985, Emmetsburg, Iowa
Married-
Died-
Burial-
Held by grandmother Sharon Otto
Hands of grandmother Nora Dvorak
Parents- Julie Ann (Otto) and
William Joseph Dvorak